

THE FIELD AFAR

MARY KNOLL



CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

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Universities, Colleges, and Schools

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University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio

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THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

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"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

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A MOUNTAIN TRAIL IN MANCHURIA

These trails, worn smooth by the traffic of centuries, lead to many a wayside shrine where images of wood and stone are worshipped, but nowhere along them does a Crucifix draw the souls of men to the Creator of the "everlasting hills"



THE FIELD AFAR

NOVEMBER, 1930



A ROUND-UP IN DAIREN

By Fr. Francis E. Mullen, M.M.



NE bright morning in early June, I alighted from the train at the "gateway to Manchuland"—Dairen. Taxies, droskies, and rickshas greeted me. But for the presence of the droskies and the rickshas, I might have imagined that I was back in the United States.

A signal for a taxi brought one of Henry's best to my service. I gave my destination to a bowing chauffeur, and nestled myself in the back seat, elated because my Chinese had been so quickly understood.

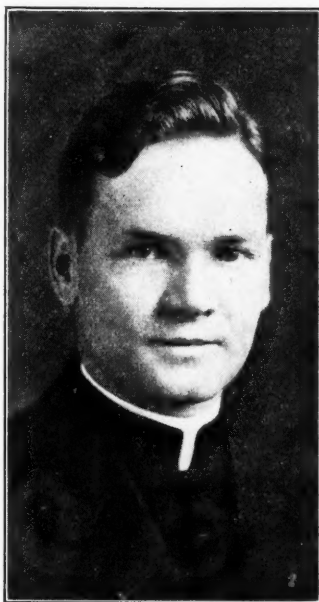
"Catholic" Churches—

The driver overworked the horn as we crawled slowly through well-paved, clean streets, passing handsome houses—relics of Russian days—modern bank buildings, offices, shops, and hotels. Before very long, we reached the "Catholic Church of Dairen". The place had a suspicious aspect. I decided not to pay my fare until I had investigated, because I might not find another taxi man who understood good Chinese when he heard it. My misgivings were not without foundation, as inquiry revealed that the edifice was just another branch of King Henry's movement, the Church of England.

Once again, I gave my directions to the chauffeur, and he horned his way through the modern city out into a page of ancient history, the Chinese section of Dairen. A dirty, grey brick building on a knoll came in sight. The cross above its tower gave me hope. We drew up, and I read "The Church of Martin Luther". I almost lost my hat. Then and there, I mustered up the few words of Japanese I had heard for the Catholic Church, and let the driver have them. The old *lumen vultus* radiated his countenance, and we tooted off to our proper terminus.

Home at Last—

This time I was deposited at a neat looking little church. Its façade of



REV. FRANCIS E. MULLEN, M.M., OF PITTSBURGH, PA., NOW MARYKNOLL MISSIONER IN MANCHURIA

painted, arched windows, artificial grey stone, and red brick, and its large, brown, wooden doors suggested a type of English chapel architecture. A sign "Catholic Church", in English and Chinese, assured me I was home at last.

The chauffeur took his fare, and bowed himself away from my tip. I learned that the company does not allow them to accept anything above the fare. Be that as it may, I have not

DURING this month of the Holy Souls, enroll your beloved dead as Perpetual Associates of the Maryknoll Society. They will share in thousands of Masses.

The offering is fifty dollars, and payment may be extended, if desired, over a period of two years.

found many such chauffeurs, East or West.

As Fr. Tibesar was not at that time in Dairen, Fr. Gilbert came out to greet me, giving me such a welcome that I felt like the prodigal son, and, after dinner, was able to sympathize with the fatted calf.

Acting on Fr. Lane's suggestion, Fr. Gilbert had had placards posted throughout the town, announcing to the Chinese the whereabouts of the Catholic Church, and the fact that they were at last to have a pastor of their own. Evidently my taxi driver was not interested in signs.

From Far and Near—

Some few days later, the round-up started. They came from miles around. We took names, ages, and habitats of the good, the bad, and the indifferent; the big, the small, and the medium—and somehow the best we could do was to number one hundred and ninety-eight Catholics out of this Chinese population of one hundred and fifty-five thousand.

Sunday came, and with it old Mr. Feng, joy in his face, and his grandson on his back. Happy was he to find the Church, after being in these parts for three years. He had brought his little two year old grandson to be baptized. When the good old fellow left us, his little grandson, John, was "a child of God and an heir of heaven".

Mrs. Ma had been in this section for thirteen years, and once a year had been making a six-day boat trip, to fulfil her Easter duty.

A fisherman, who plies his trade on the Yellow Sea, came to us with his family, and asked that his youngest be baptized.

These are just a few of the one hundred and ninety-eight we rounded up, and to whom our coming gave joy. There were others, and one whom I could not forget is the ricksha man.

The Ricksha Man—

One day, as I journeyed down our paved path, I was hailed by a ricksha puller, a common occurrence over here,

STRINGLESS GIFTS ARE BEST.

as they are partial to the foreigner's fare. Usually, I succeed in putting them off with a "not want" or two. But not this man. He had something more to ask about than a fare, and I could hardly believe my ears when he inquired whether that was a Catholic church I had just left, and if I wasn't a "shen-fu". Yes answered both questions, and he was happy. As the church was open, he made a visit then and there.

And now Sunday would not seem like Sunday if the ricksha man was not at Mass. After Mass is over, and the Christians have returned to their homes, he often lingers to make the Stations of the Cross. Of him it has been told that, morning and evening, no matter where he and his ricksha may be, he kneels on the steps of his high-wheeled carriage to say his prayers. I know one person, at least, who will be disappointed if he does not meet a certain little ricksha man in heaven.

An Appeal from Port Arthur—

Another day, a note came from a Christian at Port Arthur, about thirty-five miles distant, asking if a priest

IN MANCHURIA'S "GATEWAY"

MARYKNOLL work for the Chinese of Dairen has had humble beginnings, but presents vast possibilities.

Land, building materials, and labor are comparatively costly in this port city of the Orient, and some thousands of dollars are needed to purchase land and build a chapel for the Chinese of Dairen.

Large gifts rarely go to mission lands, but small ones from the many would soon erect a dwelling place for the Master in this gateway to a great land.

ever visited that city. By way of credentials, the Christian had slipped the

medal which hung around his neck under the edge of his letter paper, and had pressed through the image of our Immaculate Mother.

We made it our business to take a trip to Port Arthur and meet the Christian—and we found another. An old man of seventy, who received Baptism some six years ago, at a place near Mukden. Four of the six years he had been living at Port Arthur, where there is no church, nor even a catechist.

There are one hundred and ten thousand Chinese in the historic city, and about half that number of Japanese. Where there are such a number of souls, we cannot be satisfied with occasional visits, but must first create good will, and then as quickly as possible make some permanent provision for the propagation of the Faith.

Strayed Sheep—

Others we rounded up were of a less consoling nature. Catholics they were once, so they told us, and all had the same story. Hunted from their homes in war-troubled Shantung, they came here as to a haven of peace and safety. Once here, surrounded by pagans, de-



FR. MULLEN, FR. PAI (SEATED IN FRONT OF FR. MULLEN) ONE OF THE NATIVE PRIESTS WHO ARE WORKING WITH MARYKNOLLERS IN MANCHURIA, AND SOME OF THE CATHOLIC CHINESE THEY HAVE DISCOVERED IN DAIREN

HOW SHALL THEY KNOW OF CHRIST,

prived of the Sacraments and the guiding hand of a priest, they fell from the path of grace, and soon reverted to paganism.

The intermarrying with pagans seems to have been common, and of late every new family we have discovered has its difficulty or impediment. It will now be our task to set things aright.

The Mustard Seed—

Almost every Sunday we have between twenty-five and thirty Chinese at Mass. We have been urging this little band to help us spread the Faith, and reach out to their pagan neighbors. Some of them are taking to the idea, and we are confident that in time it will bear fruit.

In the meanwhile, we beg apostolic hearts in the homeland to remember in prayer our work for the Chinese of Dairen, that our small beginnings here may one day lead to the salvation of thousands of souls in this great port city of the Orient.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Novena for Christmas—

Published by The Little Flower Mission Circle of 422 East 148th Street, New York City. The thoughts of this Novena are culled for the most part from the writings of St. Alphonsus Liguori, a saint characterized by an ardent love for the Infant Jesus. Single copy, 10¢; one hundred copies, \$8.00.

The White-Robed Blackrobe, Isaac Jogues, S.J.—
The Giant of God, John Brebeuf, S.J.—

By Rev. Neil Boyton, S.J. Published by the Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Ave., New York City. Single copy, \$1.00; one hundred copies, \$7.00.

Our High Mass—

By Rev. Martin Hellriegel. Published by the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Single copy, \$.20; one hundred copies, \$12.00.

I Can Read Anything—

By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Single copy, \$.10; one hundred copies, \$7.00.

La Certitude sur l'Existence de Dieu—

By Rev. R. Lortal, P.S.S., Professor at the Seminary of Avignon. A metaphysical proof of the existence of God. Published by Aubanel, 15 Place des Etudes, Avignon, France.



FR. SWEENEY READY TO HIT THE TRAIL
The bystanders examine Fr. Sweeney's galoshes. Note the lady, well in the background, woman's accepted place in the Orient

Mission Beginnings at Linkiang

By Fr. Joseph A. Sweeney, M.M., formerly of New Britain, Conn.



LINKIANG promises much. And why should it not? Our beginnings here cost a precious life. When I came to Linkiang to get the lay of the land last December, my companion on the trail was the partner of many mission journeys, our catechist-apostle, Doctor Hoh.

This trail entails hardships at all times; in the extreme cold of a Manchurian winter it is a severe tax on a man over fifty years old. At Fushun, Doctor Hoh took ill with pneumonia, and, in spite of all I could do for him, grew rapidly worse. I prepared him for death on a *k'ang* (brick oven-bed) which we had shared for two weeks; and bought him a coffin at once, so that he could have the satisfaction of seeing it before the end.

After he died, I took his body back over the long trail on a sled. His wife and children have nothing to inherit, and I feel that we ought to stand by them.

We are "in right" at Linkiang. The mandarin has made a public speech before the big men of the town, recommending our activities; and, in the same address, he condemned superstitious practices.

The catechist, Wong Ching San, who himself had not seen a priest for a number of years, has already registered over two hundred catechumens. They are good material for the Faith.

One, for instance, is the best doctor in town. Another has given shelter to an abandoned baby girl, thrown out to die because of her deformities. Two other catechumens are certain that, when captured by bandits and facing imminent death, they were freed from a hopeless situation by prayer and the Sign of the Cross.

I could enumerate many more instances of the good faith of these people. Now is the opportune time in Linkiang.

At present I have no leisure to write a complete report on the situation and prospects here, because from daylight to midnight the good folks never give me a free moment. Every day brings examinations for Baptisms, marriages to perform, marriage dispensations to provide for, visits from our neophytes, new catechumens, and material problems incidental to the establishment of our mission here.

Old Doctor Hoh would be a great help, but he and I will never again in the flesh go together over the lonely trails in the search for souls.

UNLESS CHRIST CRUCIFIED BE PREACHED TO THEM?

A Brother's Day on the Missions

By Bro. Benedict Barry, M.M.

NO doubt many of our friends in the homeland often wonder in just what way a Brother laboring on the missions spends his day, and in what capacity he is able to assist the priests to spread the Gospel.

The best way to answer this legitimate inquiry would be to spend a day with a Brother in the field, so let me invite you to spend a day with me at Fushun, Manchuria. We can boil the hours down to a very short period—to just as long as it will take you to read this article—and there will be no extra charge for the "outing", it is included in your FIELD AFAR subscription.

At an early hour of the morning—5:30 to be exact—the bell of the regulator, who never fails in this particular duty, arouses Brother from his dreams, and he realizes that another day of work for souls has started. He is in the chapel at 6:00 A.M., ready for morning prayers and meditation. These spiritual exercises are followed by Mass. If he has any inclination to be drowsy, he soon overcomes the feeling, for who could slumber comfortably in a chapel where the temperature



Bro. Benedict Barry, of New York City, and Dr. Shu, a Chinese doctor, at the little Maryknoll "hospital" in Fushun

is often twenty degrees below zero?

Of course, he has his breakfast, and is never late for the other two meals. In order to keep his promise of obedience, he is present at all "exercises", and the three particular periods just referred to are never overlooked.

From eight to nine he plays the role of doctor at the dispensary, where he dresses the wounds of Liu and Lou Le, gives a few pills to Chang and Wong,

and ministers to the dozen or so others who seek treatment for various ailments. He hopes these little acts of charity will be the means of leading some poor pagan to the Church.

Then comes an hour of language study, to prepare for his lesson, which is scheduled for three in the afternoon. At ten o'clock, he is with the Mission Superior, taking dictation (he is a stenographer), and talking over book-keeping matters, which seem to play no small part in the running of a Mission.

From half past eleven to noon he is in the classroom of our little seminary, teaching English. This duty makes him feel that he has some share in the pleasant task of training future priests.

Twenty minutes later he is in the chapel for noon exercises. Half-past twelve finds him where any "hard working" man should be, at table with the rest of the community.

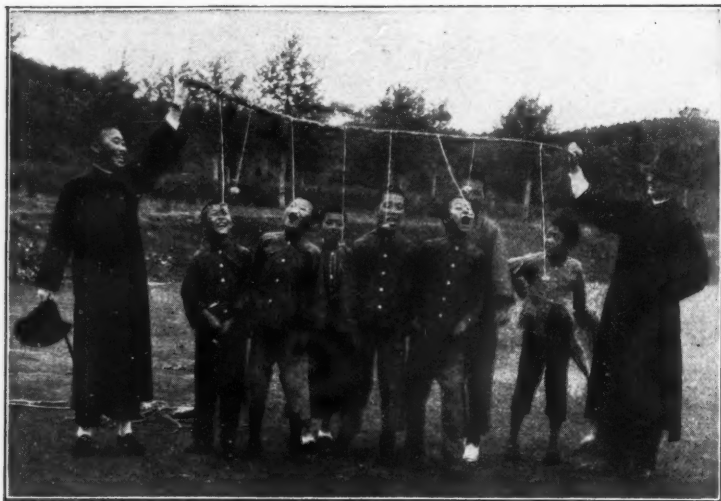
He recreates until two o'clock, after which he has typing or bookkeeping to do. When working on the books, he occasionally loses heart—the debits loom so much larger than the credits—and he hopes, but frequently in vain, that some kind benefactor will bring the credit side up, before he has to send his yearly statement to the Mother Knoll.

The day is passing rapidly, it always does when one is engaged in God's work, and Brother's teacher is ready for an hour's session on the language. From three to four the teacher corrects this tone and that, and explains the difference between plain and aspirated words. Another hour passes.

From four until the bell rings for rosary at a quarter past six, Brother finishes the daily office work, and "gets in" his daily Visit, where his benefactors are not forgotten.

Supper is over at seven. He recreates until half-past eight, attends night prayers, reads a little, and by ten o'clock goes off to bed, hoping that his day of service has been of spiritual benefit to his own soul and to those for whom he is laboring.

I hope you have enjoyed your day with a Brother on the missions. It will seem ordinary enough, no doubt, but when you consider that it is a day



FR. P'AN, A CHINESE PRIEST WHO IS WORKING WITH MARYKNOLLERS IN MANCHURIA, AND FR. MULLEN, M.M., HELP THE FUSHUN SEMINARIANS TO ENJOY A HOLIDAY

sanctified by work for God and for souls, you will realize that it is one to be envied. There are many consolations in hours spent in such service, and not the least is the thought that in taking care of these little odds and ends the Brother is assisting the priest, and leaving him free to devote *his* day to the direct care of souls.

The Brother has no worries about a "full dinner pail", for the wherewithal to keep body and soul together is generously supplied. "He who does God's work, receives God's pay."

But our missionary Brother is not unmindful of the fact that the Mother Knoll is bearing the yearly burden of some three hundred dollars, to keep him fed and clothed. So he hopes and prays that some kind benefactor will be moved to share his happiness by relieving the financial strain on the Maryknoll Center, and to become also, in this way, instrumental in the great work of saving souls.

Noted in Passing

AN unusual gift from an unusual source was that of one hundred and fifty dollars to Maryknoll from the Boston Park Employees, in memory of the late Mrs. Mary E. Curley, wife of the present Mayor.

Fides Service reports in China seventy-three Major Seminaries, with seven hundred and fifty-six candidates in preparation for the priesthood, while over four thousand students are in Junior Seminaries. Not so bad!

Recently, the National Government in Nanking made known that Chinese students wishing to obtain passports to the United States, in order to continue their studies in that country, must first promise to include no studies of a religious nature in their curriculum.

Thanks to the Irish bonds, we have taken away a long-standing reproach and entered the Burse of dear St. Patrick on the completed list.

This month, we draw the atten-



A DIFFICULTY AND ITS ANSWER

YEARS are needed before the foreign missionary can hope to master the difficult Chinese language, with its thousands of characters and its confusing tones. Meanwhile, if there are no native priests in his territory, how is he to minister to his flock, and form contacts with pagans?

The answer to this difficulty is the native catechist. By comparing statistics, it soon appears that the number of Catholics in the various sections of China depends on the number of catechists whom the missionaries have been able to put into the field.

The Maryknoll Mission in Manchuria, for example, has only a handful of catechists, whereas a hundred of these lay apostles would not fill the needs of this vast territory, larger than the State of New York. For the sum of \$15. a month, or \$180. dollars a year, you can send *your* zealous Chinese representative over Manchu hills and dales in search of souls.

tion of would-be Burse co-operators to the All Saints Burse, which has yet a long way to climb before it "goes over the top".

Among others whose wills have recently named Maryknoll as a beneficiary were Monsignor Joseph J. Cunneely, of Hackensack, N. J., and Rev. Alvah Doran, of Philadelphia.

Father Doran, it will be recalled, was a convert to the Faith. He has left us the residue of his estate, enough, it is believed, to build a mission chapel.

On our growing list of Perpetual Associates—living and dead—

The Field Afar for life, \$50.

there are now the names of some three thousand priests.

Should any of our lay subscribers desire to enroll a priest, diocesan or "religious", or a Community of Sisters, we shall be glad to answer the question: "Is he, or are they, already on your Perpetual List?"

The circulation of THE FIELD AFAR depends largely on the good will of bishops and priests, who present openings for Maryknollers to speak, and to call for subscriptions.

Circulation depends also on *your* renewal, and on *your* willingness to interest friends.

May we not list you as a commissioner? Even one new subscriber will be a welcome gain.

DEPENDS LARGELY, UNDER GOD, ON CATECHISTS.



HARVEST TIME IN THE KONGMOON MISSION

Tungchen—
(Fr. Tierney)

IT was a beautiful afternoon in September, when the pastor and curate of Tungchen set out on horseback to make a visitation of our fifty outstations.

The *woh*, as the rice is called, was still green, and looked fair and prosperous as the wind traveled over it, making emerald waves that would have given inspiration to many an artist or a poet. The first harvest of the year had been gathered, the second was soon to follow, and between the two we were going out to gather a harvest for God.

It was not altogether a fifty-fifty division of labor, for the pastor, on account of being pastor, enjoys some privileges. One of them is to pay bills, and another is to make the larger half of the trip, because he has a much bigger horse, not to speak of a far wider command of the language.

This mission boasts of two horses, one of which apologizes for being a horse. The other commands the admiration of the whole countryside for his

speed and beauty. Like all missionaries, he too left a better home, and must get accustomed to all kinds of accommodations, or perhaps the lack of them. For a long time he enjoyed a prominent place on the race track in Hong Kong, till the pastors of this mission and Loting went in search of bargains, which take place every year after the racing season closes. They found them, and even better than anything for which they had dared to hope.

A Chinese gentleman in Hong Kong, a non-Christian, who enjoys a prominent place in society and an English title as well, owns many of the fine racing ponies. As soon as he heard that two missionaries wished to purchase horses that came in last instead of first in the race, he immediately ordered that two of his best ponies, not for sale, be given them—and so they came home rejoicing.

Such is the enviable record of horse number one at this mission; but number two has a record all peculiar to himself, and with it goes an inherent dread of the Henry Ford productions which are beginning to appear even in this backward part of the world. Every time he sees one coming, he thinks it wise either to climb a tree, or to get as far as possible from the road. I always let him choose the latter.

On this particular trip, we had gone about four miles, when we came to a Chinese tea-house. We entered, and bowed to the proprietor, who is also cook, waiter, cashier, and dishwasher, with half a dozen other jobs thrown in to fill up his time. He is not fussy

about his patrons, for the horse usually follows me in, and the people get a great laugh out of seeing him trying to nose his way into my rice bowl, while I drink my *tea*, which is rice water, and sometimes I treat him to a bucket of it.

On this occasion he was with me, when one of his enemies from America came along, with the orchestra playing in all its parts. He looked at it with boundless wonder. It might have been the Einstein theory on wheels for all he knew, so he decided to get up on the table, as the only safe place.

I tried to keep him on the ground, while my catechist and a few stray patrons shouted all kinds of things at him from a safe distance; but, before peace was restored, the table, the only one in the establishment, had been upset, and half a dozen rice bowls, with long records of service, had been broken.

To make restitution, I gave the proprietor forty cents, and he looked so happy that I think he was sorry that the house, which rested on a fence and two poles, did not get knocked down, for then he might have gotten a dollar.

"RED" HAPPENINGS IN AND AROUND THE KAYING FIELD Tungshék—

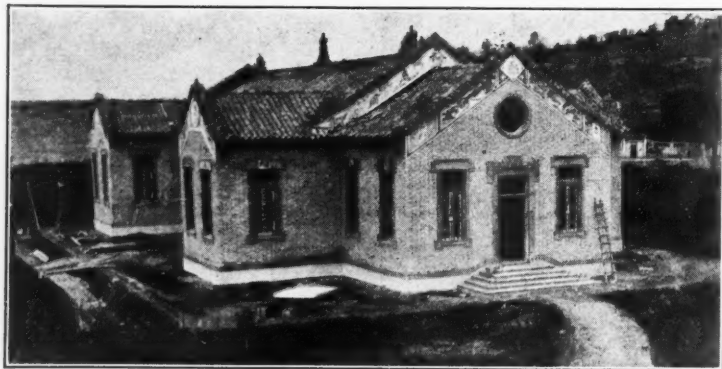
(Fr. Gallagher)

GREETINGS from the hills of Tungshék! The mission of Tungshék is bordered on the northwest by the province of Kiangsi, where the American Vincentians are my neighbors, on the northeast by the province of Fukien, where German Dominicans are nearest to me, and on the east by Fr. Hilbert's mission of Siao Lok.

The Communists recently pillaged a church only a few miles distant, in Kiangsi. The pastor, Fr. Tchin, one of Bishop O'Shea's Chinese priests, had to flee for his life, and crossed the border into Kwangtung. He is staying with me here at Tungshék.

Another of Bishop O'Shea's native priests, Fr. Liu, was captured by the Communists. Fr. Liu's mission was next to Fr. Tchin's. Fr. Tchin told me that the only way the Chinese priests could visit their Christians was to dress as baggage carriers, and to travel from village to village with a pole and two baskets on their shoulders.

As for the Bishop and the American



A MISSIONARY BISHOP'S "CATHEDRAL"
Bishop Walsh's Pro-Cathedral in Kongmoon is dedicated to
Mary Immaculate, the Mother of God

IN THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS OF CHINA,

priests, they are bottled up in the city of Kanchow, and it would be useless for them to try to visit their various missions, as practically all the southeastern part of the province of Kiangsi is under Communist government.

The well-to-do have been put to death, and their fields have been given to those who had no fields. Each man, woman, and child, under this Communist government, is entitled to about six hundred and fifty pounds of grain (unhulled rice). No one can have fields yielding more than that amount. Carpenters, masons, storekeepers, and so forth, are not allowed any fields, nor is any society.

This month, five hundred Communists paid a visit to Tungshhek, and stayed ten days, before soldiers could come to drive them out. The Christians were warned of their arrival, and two of them took me over the mountains to Fr. Hilbert's mission in Siao Lok. When the Reds got to the church, they inquired for the foreigner, and were disappointed to find him gone.

The Reds compelled the natives to join the Communists. Then the natives and the Reds looted houses, and staked out the fields for themselves. It was like a gold rush. On the stakes were written the name of the native who wanted the field, and the name of the local Communist society. The church has a few small fields around it, and these also were staked. But, finally, the mandarin and his soldiers came, and the native Reds lost no time in pulling up their tell-tale stakes.

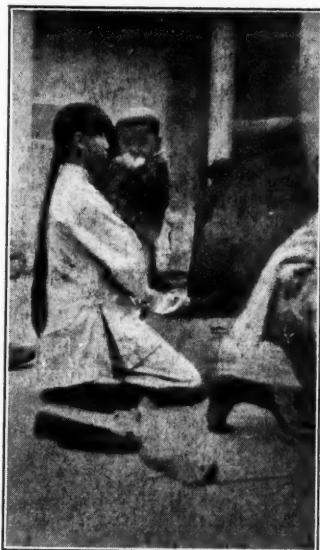
The mandarin burned the houses of those who had joined the Reds and gone out looting. A mile and a half from here, a whole village was burned, and all the young men of the village have fled and do not dare to return, for, if they do, they will be taken by the mandarin.

The native Reds wanted to burn the church, but friendly voices intervened, and the church was not touched. All my things were hidden with the Christians, so I did not lose anything.

WITH OUR WUCHOW MISSIONERS

Wuchow—
(Fr. Dempsey)

DURING a recent mission trip to a hamlet where many of the peasants



LEARNING EARLY TO PRAY
Many Christians of the Kaying Mission gather every evening to say night prayers in common

have been baptized, we discovered that the head man of the village is not among the newly converted.

While talking with Fr. Meyer, this man said: "I know that your Church and its doctrines are good, and that you priests are good too, for, when our people are sick and in distress, you give them medicine and help them. But I can't join your Church. *I can't kneel down.* That is asking too much."

We are strongly conscious that God's grace alone can root out the pride from this man's heart, and enable him to bow down in submission and adoration before his true Lord and Master.

So we ask readers of THE FIELD AFAR to implore the infinite mercy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for this village leader, a splendid type humanly speaking, but hemmed around by centuries of pagan arrogance and darkness of soul.

ARE YOU TIRED

of screaming advertisements and poor goods? Maryknoll books are of permanent value in every respect. They are interesting, worthwhile, and substantially produced. You cannot do better than make selections from the list on page 324.

THOSE Irish bonds were well worth-while, folks! They brought down our big debt some ten thousand dollars—not much proportionately, we confess, but they were a nice little slice of bacon, which pleased our creditors, even if we could not hang it in our woodshed.

And this was in addition to putting "over the top" our long waiting St. Patrick Burse.

A Self-Evident Truth

By Fr. Bernard F. Meyer

ONE of the important events of the year in the newly erected Wuchow Prefecture Apostolic is the annual retreat for catechists. This year they gathered at Pingnam.

In addition to the usual exercises of a retreat, a Maryknoll missionary held a daily discussion with them on the following subjects:

1. How to make converts, and the necessity of accepting only persons of good reputation.
2. How to secure the best possible preparation for Baptism.
3. The best way to follow up and continue the Christian formation of converts, after Baptism.
4. How to train local leaders to look after the spiritual welfare of each village.
5. How to secure the religious instruction of children, in view of the difficulties now confronting Catholic schools, e.g., lack of funds, government restrictions, and so forth.

The attendance was twelve men and five women, a small but earnest group. We ardently wished that it could have been larger, for, on the missions, *the more catechists the more converts* is considered as self-evident a truth as the fact that two and two make four.



THE MONTHLY WAGE OF A CATECHIST IS \$15.



THE SEMINARY FROM THE MARYKNOLL WOODS
In the foreground is the Crucifix overlooking God's Acre, where our beloved dead await the final resurrection

November Visits Our Hilltop

SKIRTING the Maryknoll woods, and running back to a solid wall of field stone is GOD'S ACRE — our *campo santo*, or holy field, reserved for the burial of our dear dead.

It is a quiet, ideal spot, and the bodies, few as yet, that lie buried there face west, towards the land they would have evangelized, and towards the setting sun, reminder of life eternal.

In the center of the stone wall is a tomb reserved for Generals of the Society, and for its bishops who die in the homeland.

The tomb is rough-finished, and would welcome a benefactor, especially some one interested in our revered co-founder, Father Price.

Father Price's body rests in Hong Kong, his heart is at Nevers, France. Within the tomb at Maryknoll we would incise in marble a brief story of his pure and zealous life.

Up-to-Date—

AS we write, Tom Thumb golf is the vogue. Possibly it will have passed by the time these lines are printed, but it did not fail to register with some of our students during their August holidays.

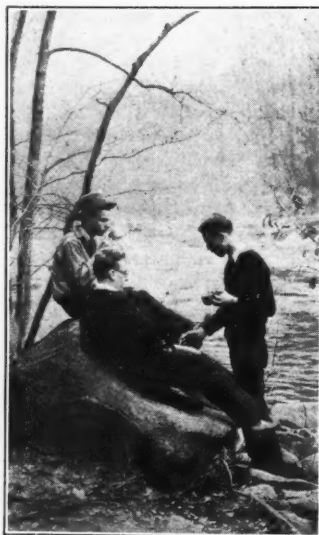
Where they picked up the rusty irons and discarded pokers we don't know, but they were hardly

back at the Knoll before the game was on.

And now we expect a petition to let them turn the handball court into a miniature golf links.

Maryknoll Movement—

OCCASIONALLY we look across the street at the rising mass of brick that will house the Maryknoll Sisters, and we find ourselves growing increasingly concerned for reasons which we confess are selfish.



IN THE COURSE OF A
HOLIDAY HIKE
"A missionary with flat feet is
worse than an auto with flat
tires"

Until now we were solicitous only for the Sisters, crowded as they have been, while we at the Seminary had elbow-room. We are yet solicitous for these deserving women—young and less young—but now we also see the end of accommodation in the Seminary.

Actually our guest rooms are threatened, and we find ourselves wishing that the Sisters' Mother-House could be finished, so that we could reclaim our former habitations, and use them for our overflow.

A Red-Letter Day—

THE Feast of the Presentation, November twenty-first, is a red-letter Maryknoll day. Above all, it is one of our Blessed Mother's days, and, incidentally, a reminder of Blessed Théophane Vénard, a Maryknoll patron.

And, to the young student newly entered upon his course of Philosophy at Maryknoll, it brings the longed-for cassock, the habit of religion that marks definitely his desire to give his life to the service of God.

So it is that on November twenty-first of this year of grace, some twenty will be invested with cassock and cincture.

And now the line-up has no such distractions as light colored pantaloons and red neckties, imported from various sections of the country where black is taboo.

Our Hikers—

ABOUT two in the morning, an insistent knocking aroused the cat-chist, who came hurrying in with the news that an old Catholic in Fa Weh, seventeen miles distant over the hills, was at death's door. Setting out at once, we were happily able to give the last rites before he died, at about seven o'clock. Considering the rugged going, it meant a pretty strenuous pace."

This travel air, from a missionary's diary, has been played, with variations, by many a Maryknoll Father. On one occasion, the distance to the sick one's door was over thirty miles; and all of it was done afoot.

Consequently, you have no ex-

IN KOREA, WHERE LIVING EXPENSES ARE HIGHER,

AVOID THAT RUSH

and worry of Christmas shopping. Make your selection now, from the Maryknoll Book list and let us send the books to you in ample season for the tissue paper and bows. See page 324.

cuse for that look of wild-eyed surprise, O Theophilus, on beholding such a picture as that on these pages, of the three *amigos*.

No, they are not *hobos*—the tortoise specs alone should dispel any such illusion. Surely, that pronounced Bostonian look betrays all three as students; while the one cup, nay even one hat, for three, proves conclusively that they belong to a mission community.

Likewise, that air of pensive wistfulness, which subdues what should be a jolly scene, can have only one interpretation, they are all meditating the number of miles yet separating them from their Maryknoll home, and supper.

Yes, they are seminarians on a hike, anticipating the hikes that their priestly duties will demand of them on the mission field. Hikes now grace every holiday—short hikes regularly; longer, frequently; marathons, occasionally. It's all in the game.

A missionary with flat feet is worse than an auto with flat tires, for the tires can be patched, and will run again, but a punctured missionary can never be vulcanized, nor can he even walk.

Christian Leaders for China—

TWO Manchurian youths made themselves at home here last summer, while waiting at Maryknoll for "school" to open. Their "school" is Holy Cross College, Worcester, where a kindly welcome was assured them, and we have an idea that both will prove worthy of the opportunity given them.

If twenty years ago this movement to give worthwhile Chinese boys in America a Catholic education in a Catholic atmosphere had taken root, the Church in China



WHERE EAST MEETS WEST
Two Maryknollers, Frs. Quirk and Hewitt, who sailed in August for Manchuria; and Messrs. Shu and Liu, students of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria, to whom scholarships at Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., have been granted

would today be reaping the harvest of that sowing.

However, it is not too late, and we are happy in the thought that a good score of Chinese boys are now preparing in Catholic institutions of the United States for their more mature life in the homeland.

Our Visitors—

ONE advantage which we of Maryknoll have enjoyed by proximity to New York has been the opportunity to receive many

bishops, American, European, and Asiatic.

All roads lead to the metropolis. Hither come and go the great steamers, and every bishop is expected to use an ocean liner occasionally.

We find that fully one third of our American bishops, including two cardinals and several archbishops, have honored Maryknoll with visits.

We may add as many more from other lands, among whom were three cardinals and several apostolic delegates.

The latest to be welcomed are the Rt. Rev. Thomas W. Drumm, Bishop of Des Moines; the Rt. Rev. Andrew J. Brennan, Bishop of Richmond; the Rt. Rev. Jean Baptiste Castanier, Bishop of Osaka, Japan; the Rt. Rev. Stephen Alencastre, Bishop of Honolulu; the Rt. Rev. Noël Gubbels, O. F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Ichang, China; the Rt. Rev. James P. McCloskey, D.D., Bishop of Jaro; and the Archbishop of Manila, the Most Rev. Michael J. O'Doherty.

Harvesting—

HARVEST days at Maryknoll are always memorable, and this year they began early, because tomatoes and apples were waiting to be canned just as the students returned.

The "old farm" is still doing its duty by us, thanks to the Giver of all good things, and, under Him, thanks to our sturdy Bro. Xavier and his willing helpers—not to

A REPRESENTATIVE WILL

IS your will representative of your life as a Catholic? If so, it contains the name of some Church activity. The present Holy Father has emphasized the fact that the most vital activity of the Church of Christ is mission work.

Should you wish to remember in your will Maryknoll, the American Society for foreign missions, our legal title is:

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

mention the cows.

Bro. Xavier is a fellow-statesman of the Honorable Calvin Coolidge. Not that Bro. Xavier aspired to statesmanship. The idea we would express is that Bro. Xavier and Mr. Coolidge both happened to be born in Vermont. Should they meet, they would find many subjects to discuss, not forgetting the sap that flows from the Vermont maples.

A Summer Memory—

ONE day last July, a hundred Sister friends of Maryknoll left summer school, hospital, social center, or orphanage to visit our hilltop. It was *Sisters' Day*, always a gala-event in the Maryknoll calendar.

The day opened, as it does every year, with the Holy Sacrifice, offered for our Sister apostles of both active and contemplative communities. The latter, of course, are not visibly with us; but we receive many letters assuring us of their presence in spirit. These letters bring home anew the thought that countless conversions on the mission field are due, under God, to the prayerful co-

operation of these silent hidden adorers.

After a look at all that our compound contains, our Sister guests were entertained by Fr. Lane, who, with memories of Manchuria still fresh in his mind and heart, told them of the missionary life, with its joys and sorrows, its trials and consolations.

Father emphasized the power of the teaching Sister. He said that, after God, the Sister in the classroom is probably the most potent factor in rousing interest in the missions, and in stimulating and directing vocations.

Before the parting with our Sister guests, there was Solemn Benediction in the Seminary Chapel, where the Gregorian chant was rendered by a hundred future missionaries. And among the singers was more than one who owed the beginnings of his cherished Maryknoll vocation to a Sister friend of our work.

The Student Body

MAJOR Seminary students have reached the "almost-a-hundred" mark, while the three

A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY

means annual or semi-annual interest of at least five per cent paid regularly to you in consideration of your gift to Maryknoll. We shall be glad to furnish further information if desired.

Maryknoll Preparatory Colleges register, all told, within a dozen of two hundred.

Good news this, and we know that it will please our many friends—may it also inspire a prayer for the perseverance of these youths!

Early in the scholastic year came the students' retreat, which this year was preached by the Rev. John E. Wickham, LL.D., pastor of St. Brendan's Church in New York, and former Superior of the New York Apostolate.

Out of it came a happy group, well satisfied with their choice of a life work, and strong in good resolves.

During the retreat, a ceremony was witnessed that marked another "first" at Maryknoll, the taking of the Oath.

Under the new Constitutions, which Maryknoll has received with final approbation of the Holy See, every one called by the Superior General and his Council to membership in the Society is obliged to take an Oath of stability.

This Oath is usually temporary at first, and, after three years, is for life. It is therefore a serious step, and correspondingly impressive.

The students of this year had the rare privilege of witnessing their Superiors, including the Superior General, pledging their life work to the cause.

After this year, the first Oath will be given habitually at the end of the probation year, which will come, for students, after they shall have finished their course in Philosophy.

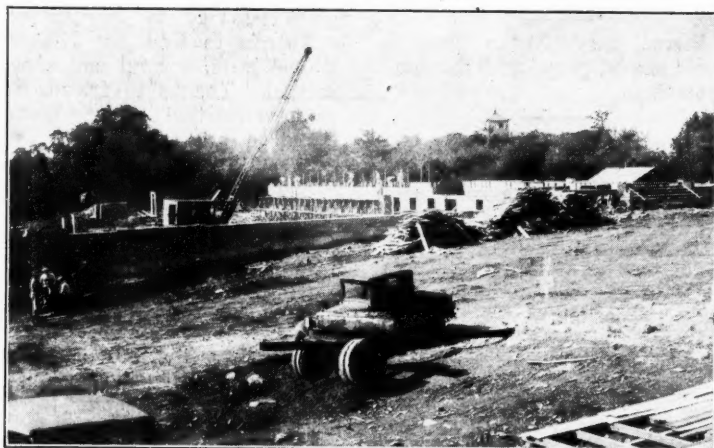


SOME OF THE SISTER FRIENDS WHO HONORED MARYKNOLL WITH THEIR PRESENCE LAST JULY, ON "SISTERS' DAY"

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS' NOVENAS ARE CONTINUOUS,

Mother-House Progress and Projects

By a Maryknoll Sister



THE FOUNDATIONS OF 'THE SISTERS' MOTHER-HOUSE

On the extreme left of the picture, the front steps of the edifice are visible. The foundations extend to the woods in the background. The tower of the Maryknoll Seminary can be distinguished above the trees

"WHEN I grow up—Gee!" and the little voice trails off into rapt silence. To grow up—what an ambition, what an experience, what a dream! Every six-year-old looks forward to it with some little impatience, a bit of fear, a dash of planning, and much delight.

"The Teresians", as they were known way back in the early nineteen-teens, were a tiny Maryknoll family, requiring little space and attracting even less attention, a community young, though occupied with very grown-up duties. Outside of hours spent on THE FIELD AFAR, which were not short, berry picking, canning, house cleaning, and taking care of "Martha Washington" (a very fortunate young calf who found her way to the hilltop), were part of a very simple but full schedule. At first, modest little Saint Teresa's lodge took care of all the Maryknoll Sisters, and did it comfortably.

In those days, "the youngsters" hardly dared to dream of what they would do when "they grew up", but they wondered a little, and prayed much, and left the future in their Father's hands.

And the family began to grow, and it grew and grew, until the Mother of

that one-time tiny household became like the dear old lady who lived in a shoe.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;

She had so many children her day fairly flew!

They kept bobbing up in the oddest of places,

They peeped through the eyelets, they swung on the laces,

They perched on the tongue, while some venturesome scamp

Tobogganed clear down from the top to the ramp.

And when some tempestuous neighbor or other

Implored "Could you possibly manage another?"

The merry old woman replied, "Mabbe so;

There's room for a lot of 'em down at the toe!"

Finally, after all the tucks and pleats had been let out of Saint Teresa's lodge and the dear old house had been stretched to the breaking point, the overflow moved to "Saint Joseph's Hall", a one-time very respectable barn.

Then history repeated itself, and the overflow ebbed up to Rosary House, once the Maryknoll Fathers' Seminary,

and from there (not much later), across to a small cottage called Saint Michael's.

By 1920, the year of the canonical foundation of the Community, the family threatened to invade every available Maryknoll house—which in due order it did.

In May, 1930, the Mother-House project, considered tentatively for many years, was launched. Brows were wrinkled, pennies counted, and contracts signed. A steam shovel arrived somewhere around the nineteenth, a siege of blasting followed, and, almost before one could turn around, bricks were climbing into place. Contract signing works like magic, and our resources have gone the way of the rabbit and the duck and the dozen eggs that disappear into the magician's tall and shiny topper.

Well, we, like other one-time youngsters, now know that growing-up is delightful; but we know, too, that it is a process which involves putting on a thinking cap. Now that we are old and wise, however, we have not discarded our belief in "fairy gifts". We have received some. So, it isn't a case of "I used to believe in the fairies", for, though we are grown up now, we still do.

Sister Mary Catherine

THE Angel of Death visited our Maryknoll family for the first time this year on September sixteenth, when he took from us one of our pioneer Sisters.

Sister Mary Catherine (Katherine Gertrude Fallon) came to Maryknoll from Boston in January, 1914—only two and a half years after our Foundation Day. Our work benefited much in its early days by her zeal and intelligent activity.

It is hard, humanly speaking, to be separated from one who has been identified with Maryknoll almost from the beginning, but we know that, as Maryknoll-in-heaven grows, the labors of our missionaries for souls will benefit immeasurably by the co-operation of our own who now no longer see through a glass darkly, but face to face.

THEY WILL BE GLAD TO REMEMBER YOUR INTENTIONS.

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with all subscriptions.)

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

THOUGHTFUL Mother, this world-wide Church of ours. She sets aside a month, November, to remind her forgetful children that souls in purgatory await the prayers of friends on earth.

It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins.

EVERY soul in heaven is a saint—purified here in this world, or in purgatory. All hail, all saints! Saints in heaven, whose names are on our altars. Saints in heaven, who were known to few on earth. Saints on earth, whom God knows and loves, because they know and love Him, serving Him, and others for love of Him.

All ye saints of God, make intercession for us!



LISTEN! On the horizon lies another Christmas, and, as we approach it, why not take up the idea of strengthening Maryknoll, while pleasing a friend?

You can strengthen Maryknoll by getting a knowledge of this great work into the minds of friends. This can be done by enrolling friends as subscribers to THE FIELD AFAR; and we have

yet to hear from the man or woman (a few freaks excepted) who does not enjoy THE FIELD AFAR.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them.

WE are all interested in watching the development of native hierarchies in mission lands, and it is good to learn that in India, China, and Japan there are now twenty-one native ordinaries (bishops, vicars-apostolic, and prefects-apostolic).

In India, where His Excellency Archbishop Mooney has been Apostolic Delegate for the past four years, more than twenty-five per cent of the Catholics are under the native clergy.



OUR cover this month shows Fr. Anthony P'an, one of the five Chinese priests who are working with our Maryknoll missionaries in the Fushun sector of Manchuria.

He is seated on the shaft of a species of Chinese cart in which Maryknollers have been jolted over many a "corrugated" Manchu trail. For a further description of this "pill box on wheels", as long-suffering missionaries have dubbed it, turn to Fr. Lane's article on the middle pages of this issue.

Absolve, O Lord, the souls of all the faithful departed from every bond of sins.

EUROPEAN scholars of missiology, and apostolic laborers of long experience, together with representatives of Asiatic peoples, made up the assembly at Louvain for its Missiology Week that closed early in September.

A few Americans were present, but we Americans are not yet mission-minded enough to take our proportionate share in mission activities, other than contributions of missionaries and means.



HE WHO LOVES JESUS CHRIST

THANK You! Thanks! I am grateful. However we express it, may we not be in the ingrate class!

Thanks to God for His unstinted gifts, natural and supernatural. Thanks to friends for co-operation that in many instances called for great sacrifices. This is thanksgiving month, and we would have *Thanksgiving Day* worthy of the name.

Our earthly benefactors, under God, will be the subject of our prayers on November twenty-seventh.

O Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pains of hell and from the deep pit.

THE Catholic School is, as it should be, a guarantee that evil influences and false principles shall not enter its doors. This is not enough, however. The Catholic School should be constructive. Its atmosphere should be *Catholic as far as possible*.

Arithmetic need not deal always with dollars and cents. Why not occasionally add, multiply, subtract, and divide (if we must) souls?

And why not put some life in the Geography lesson?

THE FIELD AFAR will help you along these lines, as also in reading and writing English.



IN mission lands it is enough to teach the Christian religion, but there is not much chance to teach it, save for those whose special knowledge of some practical branch serves as a recommendation.

A pagan may be very cultured and sophisticated, as many of them are, but his aims and interests necessarily grovel on earth. It is through these interests he must be attracted.

Missioners who specialize in some practical art are laying the indicated foundation for a successful ministry to the other sheep. Start with the known earth, if you would pierce the unknown stars.

MOST of our friends are rich in grace, and poor, or comparatively so, in worldly goods. They live humbly and on a close margin, yet they are generous—at times beyond their means. God bless them!

One of their most common expressions when forwarding their gift is, "If I were only wealthy, how happy I would be to do great things for Maryknoll."

These desires, thus made manifest, naturally please us, but sometimes, as we note how quickly the acquisition of wealth closes the hearts of otherwise good Catholics, we wonder if wealth would not weaken hearts that have been strengthened by toil and privation.

**Ah, gentle Jesu, Savior blest,
Grant to them all eternal rest!**

THIS month, we call our readers' special attention to Manchuria, a great sector in the north of China, bordering Korea.

It is a province peaceful as yet, a fertile field for Chinese immigrants who have been pouring into it from their own troubled homesteads.

Maryknoll has a group of young priests in South Manchuria, and the promise of a harvest is fine.

The trouble comes in our limited personnel. We cannot keep up to the procession, because we are as yet too few to do justice to the Catholics, and, at the same time, evangelize the pagans. And, "woe to us", if we do not evangelize.

So, we give Manchuria some special attention in this issue.

THE pot boils in China. Generals come and go. Priests and bishops fall under the bullets or blows of evil men; poor people die by the thousands of starvation, or in flood disasters. But the Church of the Ages pushes along, doing what she can to help the struggling millions of Far Cathay to help themselves.

Her men and women apostles go to China from other lands,



THE LITTLE FLOWER IN CHINESE ART

HOW dear is now to me that pagan horde,

The object of thy burning love below!

If Jesus would to me that grace accord,

Oh, thither with what ardor would I go!

Before Him space and distance fade away,

This earth is but a plaything on the breeze;

My actions, my small sufferings today,
May make My Jesus loved beyond the seas.

(Hymn of The Little Flower to Blessed Théophane Vénard, Martyr.)

while native boys and girls are offering themselves in ever increasing numbers for the service of the Church.

The level of Catholic education is rising, a Catholic élite is forming, with Catholic action becoming more and more pronounced, while the poor are comforted in their trials. Pray for China!

IF TIMES ARE HARD

your friends will be pleased if you include Maryknoll Books among your Christmas gifts. You can show thoughtfulness and good taste at no great cost in this way. See page 324.

Our Society, incorporated under the laws of New York State, will accept gifts, large or small, in money, stocks, or bonds, agreeing to pay to the donor for life a reasonable income from the same.

You, of comparatively small means, will by this arrangement probably obtain a better income than at present, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest. At the same time you will be furthering the cause of foreign missions. We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.

CONTEMPLATION and apostolate go ever hand in hand—both members, and indispensable ones, of the mystical body of Christ, which is the living and acting Church.

That is why to report the Kongmoon Novitiate's adoption by the Visitation Monastery of Wilmington, Delaware is a pleasure commensurate with the announcement of the successful building program. Walls and prayers are going up together. If either operation yields in importance to the other, it is certainly the former, for, unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.

The Wilmington Sisters have no doubt plenty of things to pray for already, but, as is usually the case, the little cloister that cuts them off from the world enables them to embrace the universe. Besides, they have St. Francis de Sales smiling on them from heaven, and the saintly Bishop Curtis right in their own garden, so with two such examples it is only to be expected that their charity could extend even to the bamboo groves of South China.

Before long some Chinese Sisters will be out in the highways and byways, saving the souls of their people because of the prayers and sacrifices of their Sisters across the sea. *Bear ye one another's burdens; and so you shall fulfil the law of Christ.*

WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS.

Maryknoll in Manchuria

By Fr. Raymond A. Lane, M.M., of Lawrence, Mo.



Father William R. Killion, M.M., of Mattapan, Mass., and some types of Manchurian dogs



FROM the time of the Russo-Japanese War, Manchuria has been a subject of interest to other nations, because of its economic importance.

Maryknoll was pleased when the Bishop of Mukden, Monseigneur Blois, invited this young Society to take over

a not inconsiderable part of his Mission, because the sector promised to be a fine field for conversions.

The Pioneers—

The history of Catholicity in Manchuria has been an interesting one. Monseigneur Verrolles, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, was the first Vicar Apostolic of this vast district. He arrived in 1841. Before that time, priests, both foreign and Chinese, had made journeys from Peking to the north, and had tried to take care of some three thousand Christians in Manchuria. Their efforts, however, met with a great many obstacles; and every time one of these trips was made, the missionary had to face grave dangers, often necessitating curtailment of the journey, with consequent neglect of the scattered flock.

When Monseigneur Verrolles arrived, he settled at the town of Ch'a-Kou. Maryknoll is fortunate in having this first Manchurian mission in its territory. The present pastor of Ch'a-Kou is a young Maryknoller, Fr. Armand Jacques, of Windsor, Canada.

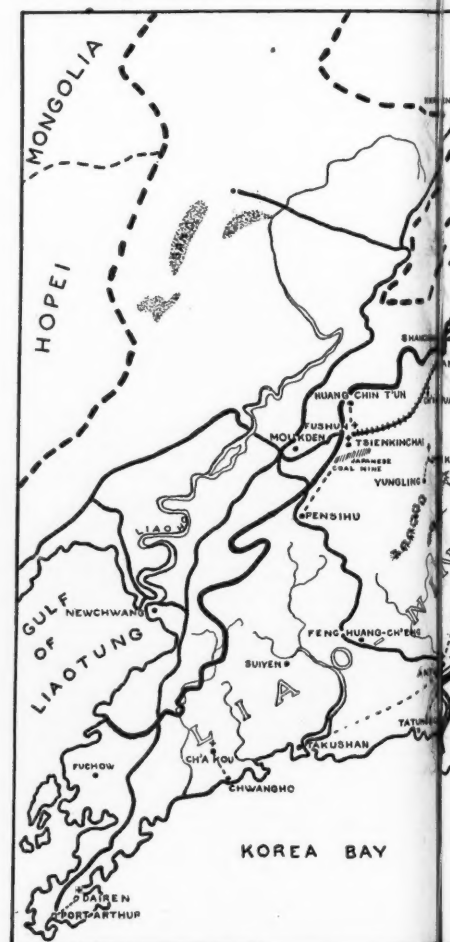
Monseigneur Verrolles began immediately to visit the Christians throughout his Vicariate, which included the three eastern provinces of China from Dairen to Tsi-Tsi-Kar, on the Siberian border, and from Mongolia almost to Vladivostock, a terri-

tory of three hundred thousand square miles, without a single foot of railway. A journey which is now accomplished in thirty-six hours formerly required from two to three months by Peking cart.

On two occasions, Bishop Verrolles was asked by the Christians to submit to an examination in theology; needless to say, he passed with colors flying. The Christians had been warned by their missionaries from Peking that Orthodox Russian priests might visit them from across the Siberian border. Hence their testing of Bishop Verrolles' Faith.

Persecution and Progress—

The Bishop and his missionaries en-



TOMB OF MANCHU EMPERORS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF MUKDEN

THE AREA OF THE MARYKNOLL MISSION IN MANCHURIA

Manchuria—A Land of Opportunity

Lawrence, M.S., first Superior of the Maryknoll Manchurian field



countered many hardships in the course of these long, dangerous journeys. Some of them were captured and killed by bandits; others lost their lives by drowning; some were subjected to indignities and sufferings; and all had to live a heroic life in order to care for the poor and scattered groups of Christians.

In spite of all difficulties, progress was made, but a temporary setback came with the Boxer Uprising. Several thousand Christians were put to death, or driven from their homes into the wilderness; Bishop Guillon was slain by the Boxers; French and Chinese priests were massacred; and many foreign and Chinese Sisters died for the Faith.

After the uprising, the old saying *The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians* was strongly verified. In all parts of Manchuria, pagans applied for instruction, so that fifteen years after the Boxer massacre there were some sixty thousand Christians in the territory. It became necessary to divide the Mission.

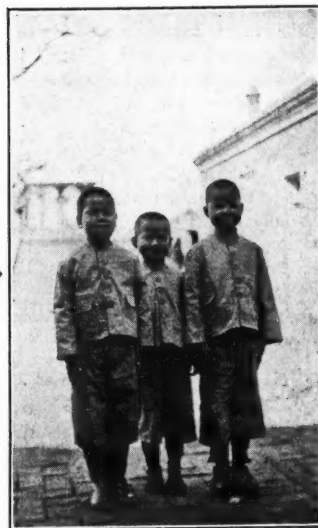
The northern section, comprising the provinces of Kirin and Heilungkiang, was formed into a new Vicariate. In 1924, the Bishop of Mukden received Canadian missionaries, from the newly founded Foreign Mission Seminary of Quebec, and assigned to them as their field of labor the northwestern part of his Vicariate.

The Manchu Maryknoll—

At the same time, Maryknoll was asked to take care of the southeastern section of the Vicariate of Mukden, which adjoins the Maryknoll Korean Mission.

On January 11, 1926, Fr. McCormack, formerly of New York City, and Fr. Lane, who claims Lawrence, Massachusetts, as his native town, arrived in Mukden to begin their study of Mandarin. After a year of study at the seminary in Mukden, both Maryknollers were sent by the Bishop to interior missions, to acquire some practical experience.

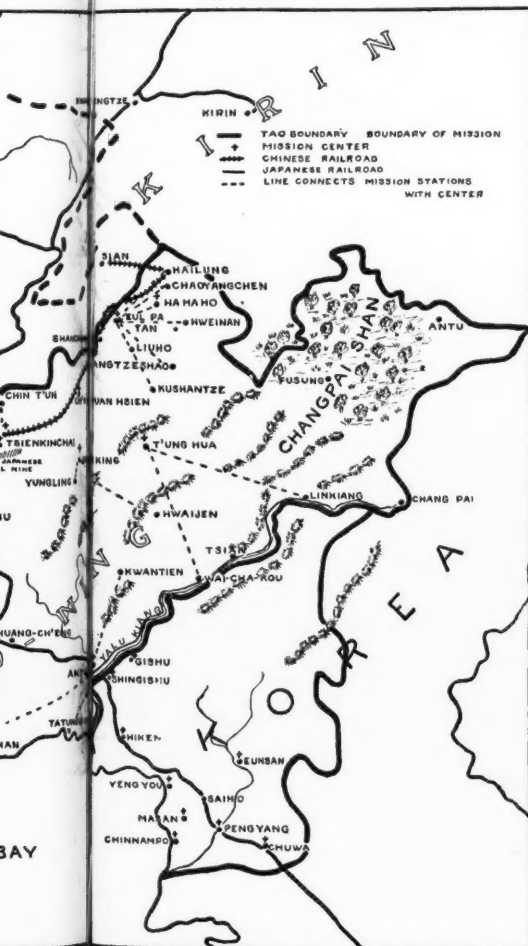
In February, 1927, the Center of the



Three stalwart little hopefuls of the Maryknoll Junior Seminary for Chinese in Fushun

Maryknoll Mission in Manchuria was established at Fushun. This city was chosen because of its advantageous location with respect to the rest of the Mission. Maryknoll's territory in Manchuria is larger than New York State. It includes the very large and important cities of Dairen, Antung, and Fushun.

Dairen will be remembered as the



OLD MISSION IN MANCHURIA IS LARGER THAN THAT OF NEW YORK STATE



A SECTION OF THE HIGHLY PRODUCTIVE COAL MINES AT FUSHUN

port second in importance in the whole of China. It has a rapidly increasing population of over two hundred thousand. Antung, situated on the boundary between Manchuria and Korea, has more than one hundred thousand inhabitants. Fushun, the Mission Center, contains famous mines, which the Japanese took over from the Russians at the end of the War. Last year, the output of these mines was estimated at eight million tons of coal.

About thirty miles from Dairen is Port Arthur, the scene of one of the most famous battles in the history of the world. This is also in the Maryknoll sector.

Present Conditions—

At present, there are some 4,500 registered Christians in the Fushun Mission. Due, however, to the extensive immigration of Chinese from provinces south of the Great Wall, it is impossible to state the exact number of Christians in the new territory. It is quite likely that when enough Maryknoll priests are assigned to the Mission to make an extensive search for these Catholic immigrants possible, four or five thousand additional Christians will be discovered.

The actual mission personnel of the Fushun field includes fourteen American priests, five Chinese priests, one Maryknoll Brother, five Maryknoll Sisters, and ten Chinese nuns. The district entrusted to Maryknoll is so large that, even now, one hundred priests would not be too many for its needs.

Manchu Weather—

The climate of Manchuria is excellent. While the temperature goes very low during the long winter season, the air is dry and invigorating.

It is not customary to heat the churches, and this for a very good reason—the heavy expense. Day after day during December and January the priest saying Mass in these unheated churches loses all sensation in his hands, because of the extreme cold. Even though the water and wine are heated beforehand, he often finds the Sacred Species turned to ice before the Communion of the Mass. He is then obliged to warm the cup of the chalice with his hands, before he is able to consume the Precious Blood. However,



A CONTRAST

THE area of the Maryknoll Fushun Mission in southeastern Manchuria is larger than that of New York State; New York State has over three thousand five hundred Catholic priests, the Fushun Mission has nineteen.

Maryknoll missionaries in Manchuria are working hard to diminish this contrast by training native seminarians for the priesthood. They already have some forty promising Chinese lads at the Fushun Mission Center, but no adequate means of accommodating them. Twenty-five seminarians have been living in one room, fifteen of them sleeping on the *k'ang* or Manchurian oven-bed. The arrangement is not a healthful one, and should be remedied.

Fifteen thousand dollars is needed to purchase land for the Fushun Preparatory Seminary, and to supplement an initial gift already received for the building.

This is a very large sum, but any offering towards this amount will bear eternal fruit for the salvation of souls in a vast sector of the Lord's Vineyard.

this is only a temporary inconvenience, and not nearly so trying as the severe heat of the southern missions.

Diverse Tongues—

The language of Manchuria is Mandarin, the official language of China, which is spoken by three hundred million Chinese. Owing to the large num-

ber of Japanese in our district, it was found advisable for some of the priests to study Japanese exclusively, while others have taken it up as a side line. It is planned to have at least four of the missionaries able to speak Japanese fluently.

Means of Travel—

While there are three railroad lines in the Mission, comprising some three hundred and fifty miles of railway, most of the travel must be done by horseback, or in Chinese carts.

In the extreme cold of the winter, it is impossible to ride horseback without freezing. Some of our missionaries have tried this, to their sorrow.

Traveling by cart is hardly more comfortable, however, since the roads are usually in very bad condition. The cart which is used is a two-wheeled affair, without springs. The missionary is encased in a box-like structure, about four feet long, by three and a half feet in height. The framework is covered with cloth, and usually lined with dogskin to keep out the cold.

Once wedged into this structure and covered with blankets or skins, the missionary starts on his way, and is jounced some forty to fifty miles a day, if the roads are in fair condition. Oftentimes the cart is overturned, usually with no more serious consequences than a bit of additional excitement, and a few more forcible shocks.

In the winter, the roads become corrugated, as it were, from the constant beating of the small hoofs of the Mongolian ponies or mules, so that for each mile covered the missionary is likely to receive some ten thousand of these jolts. At the journey's end, he finds himself still jumping, although he has left the cart. In fact, his whole night's sleep is likely to be a staccato affair, with an occasional nightmare, representing the overturning of the cart.

Great Possibilities—

The people of Manchuria are mostly of the agricultural class. They are simple, and make good subjects for the propagation of Christianity. There is a great future ahead for the country, since it is immensely rich agriculturally, and its subsoil is ready to yield unimaginable quantities of coal, iron, copper, and other precious metals.

ADOPT A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER—

What is needed in this vast section of the Maryknoll missions is sufficient personnel to reap the ready harvest. A seminary was begun in 1928, to train native priests for some of the flocks without a shepherd. The seminary constitutes the greatest hope for the future of the Church in any Mission.

The possibilities in this promising section cannot be exactly estimated, but it is safe to say that, God willing, within four or five years we can look for one thousand or more converts yearly. We ask the prayers of Maryknoll's friends that this happy consummation may soon be realized.

Venard Harvests

WELL, the first examinations of the year are over! Vénarders are subject to these necessary trials of school life. The October examinations tell how well Johnny has succeeded in brushing away the summer cobwebs from his brain.

They were over in ample time to allow for the preparation of a Hallowe'en program. This means gathering material for a bonfire. The Reverend Procurator watches this performance with mixed feelings. He smiles in the realization that the compound is being cleared of undesirable "distractions", but he is not entirely without apprehensions lest something desirable also vanish. The evening's gathering round the bonfire usually brings out unsuspected talent.

All Saints Day provides for the senior students a long hill hike, and for the juniors one adapted to their legs.

November ends the harvest season. A goodly crop, notwithstanding the drought of last summer, has been gathered, and our newcomers enjoyed their first experience in helping to fill the corn silo. They stood in awe, too, as they watched the potato-digger scoop precious "murphies" from the soil.

And now, with potatoes and cabbages nestling in the cellar, we are ready for our *Deo Gratias*. Thanksgiving Day becomes for us more than a day devoted to the immolation of turkeys, or the thud of the pigskin. God is good.

We have more Vénarders than ever before. They are a precious crop—gathered after years of sowing.



HERE is a statue of the Boy Christ, carved for the apse of the Bishop Hoban Memorial Chapel at our Preparatory College near Scranton, Pa.

You will like it, we know; and possibly among our readers there is one who would be proud to be known, if only by God (and better so), as the donor of this inspiring figure.

Later, when these youngsters become priests and go to the missions, they too will have a chance to sow seed, and, we hope, will live to gather the fruits in souls.

The Vénard Library! Yes, we have the books and the cases, but tables and chairs are yet wanting. Gifts are in order.

Linkiang, St. Patrick's mission of Manchuria, has need of the wherewithal to purchase a large picture of its patron saint.

In one of his leisure moments, our ancient chronicler was pouring over back numbers of *THE FIELD AFAR*. In the December, 1926, issue, he found a note that recorded what proved to be the last visit to the Vénard of the late Bishop Hoban. We think it worth reprinting:

On Monday, September thirteenth, Bishop Hoban and a group of priests paid us a short visit. The last place they visited was our little temporary chapel, with its rough, uncut, unfinished walls. "A real mission chapel," one of them remarked, "but is it not too bad that some generous Catholic who spends many thousands for himself, his family, and his fellow-men, will not part with a few thousands for his God, Who has given him all?"

Two months later, our beloved Bishop had gone to his reward. The temporary chapel, located in the basement of the future chapel wing, soon became too crowded for our student body. It was moreover, we will now admit, not the most healthful place, since the "emergency roof" usually failed to function in an emergency.

And the day came when we decided to leave it, and build St. Michael's Chapel, as a Memorial to Bishop Hoban. Though we were carrying a large debt on the College building itself, we felt that Catholic Scranton would perhaps take the Memorial Chapel as its own.

The Chapel has now been completed, and on October twelfth was dedicated by the present Bishop of Scranton, the Rt. Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, D.D., whose friendship for the Vénard has been evidenced in word and deed since he succeeded to the responsibilities of that office.

While the response from Scranton has been until now small, we know that the pinch of the times has been severely felt in this valley. We look with confidence, however, to a response from those to whom the memory of Bishop Hoban is a personal possession, and a precious one.

\$365 DOLLARS A YEAR.

Mission San Juan Bautista— Past and Present

DURING the first month of this year, there died at San Juan Bautista in California an aged woman, the last of the San Juan Mission Indians whom the Franciscans converted from savagery a century and a half ago.

She was buried not by the Spanish padres whom her tribe had loved, but by other missionaries, the Maryknollers who now have the care of this old California Mission. The mission church in which this last of the convert Indians lay in state was the same where she had received the Sacrament of Baptism nearly a century ago, and in which three quarters of a century ago she was married. Her grave is beside the mission walls, near that of Maria Antonia Anza, famed in the annals of California as "The Rose of the Rancho".

During the last months of the old Indian's life, Professor J. P. Harrington of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington lived in her home, and learned from her the language of her people, which had been classified as dead by language scholars. He mastered so well this tongue, spoken only by one dying woman, that he was able to con-



most is of the stringless variety.

We agree with these Chinese boys that strings have their uses. But nowhere gifts to our work are concerned. The gift Maryknoll prizes

verse with her in her own language, and to gain invaluable information concerning the ancient customs and folklore of the San Juan Bautista Indians.

An interesting fact concerning this tribe is that they lived for centuries within a radius of from twenty to thirty miles. They were peaceful, and had no tomahawks, only bows and arrows, spears and hunting knives. Once married, the women had an equal footing in tribal law with the men. Before the coming of the padres, the San Juan Indians worshipped a single God. They believed in a hereafter, a happy hunting ground, where there would be plenty of game and fruit.

Perhaps the most striking of Professor Harrington's findings, in view of the present development of the historic old Mission, is his statement that the language of the San Juan Bautista Indians had many similarities to Japanese.

These linguistic similarities form a curious link between the Mission's past and its present. The Maryknoll Fathers now in charge of the Mission are planning activities among the many Japanese of the vicinity. They are assured in their labors of co-workers and intercessors in heaven, the sainted padres and the thousands of convert Indians who in former days made of San Juan Bautista a center of Catholic life in the wilderness.

The Latest Maryknoll

AT Los Angeles, Maryknollers are now installed in a new location, with residence at 1220 South Alvarado Street, near Pico.

This house will be the headquarters of Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles. It will serve as a hostel or *Probatorium* for young aspirant missionaries, and as a *Procure* for Maryknoll priests and Brothers on their way to and from the Orient.

The Japanese Mission will continue as heretofore on South Boyie Avenue, under the direction of Fr. Swift. This is a diocesan work which Maryknoll gladly accepted from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Cantwell, to whose encouragement and good will we owe this new venture of our young Society.

Maryknoll in Los Altos

IT is just about a seventy minute drive from Maryknoll in San Francisco to the crest of the hill at Los Altos where rests serenely the Maryknoll Junior Seminary. This convenience has many advantages.

Visitors from far and near have crossed our portals during the last few months. Among the most noteworthy was Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila, who tarried with us overnight, and regretted that he could not stay on for a fortnight to enjoy the peace and quiet of Los Altos.



FR. FRANCIS CAFFEY, M.M., OF LAWRENCE, MASS. MARYKNOLL PASTOR OF MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, CALIFORNIA, CONDUCTS THE FUNERAL OF THE LAST INDIAN OF THE SAN JUAN TRIBE

SAFEGUARD OUR LORD'S INTERESTS IN YOUR WILL

The seventeen faces new to Los Altos in September are as familiar as any now. Our roster boasts of thirty-seven young men, from California for the most part, although due credit must be given, too, to Seattle and Denver. Yet we recall hearing, only a few years ago, the usual "cold water" encouragement, "You won't get many boys from California to go to China."

"Like everybody else, we are suffering from the stock crash and business depression", was the greeting of a friend to one of our Maryknoll padres.

But the latter's reply came in the nature of a surprise. "Yes, that's what everybody is telling us, and I suppose we'll be suffering more than any, since so many will cancel their charity offerings to Maryknoll."

"I never thought of it in that light", said the friend, who then and there decided to give twenty-five dollars a month for the *Maryknoll Guild*.

1492 McAllister Street is our new address in San Francisco. No, we have not moved. We simply changed it from 1494 to 1492. It will be easier to remember. Just think of Columbus.

The fifth annual Bridge Party at the Fairmount Hotel was a happy success—the best yet. About one thousand ladies gathered in the Gold and Red Rooms of the hotel. As usual, it was a benefit for the Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Los Altos, but this year its special object was to take a notch or two from the \$93,000 debt on the seminary building. And it did!

A New Missionary Bishop

THE successor of the gentle and saintly Bishop Ducoeur, who invited Maryknoll to Kwangsi Province, is Bishop Paulin Albouy. He was consecrated at Hong Kong in August, and becomes the fifth Vicar Apostolic of Nanning. The consecrator was Bishop Deswazières, the former beloved chaplain of the lepers of Sheklung Island; the co-consecrators were Bishop Valtorta of Hong Kong, and Bishop Walsh of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Vicariate.



WHERE FUTURE APOSTLES PRAY
The chapel of the Maryknoll College at Los Altos combines a suggestion of the old California Missions with touches of the Orient

Many Maryknollers attended the ceremony, particularly those of the Kwangsi Wuchow Prefecture.

The new bishop is a missionary of many years' experience in the bush, where his brawny frame and similar character saw him through many a tight place and herculean labor. On the principle of fitting the back to the burden, the new bishop is singularly well chosen.

In addition to his association with Maryknoll-in-Kwangsi, Bishop Albouy has another tie with America in his priest brother, Father Edward Albouy, who is pastor of Flagstaff, Arizona.

Our congratulations and prayers go in equal measure to the stalwart Shepherd selected to guide the destinies of barren Kwangsi, the Mission often referred to as the hardest in the world.

"Thy Kingdom come in China" is an ejaculation which may make you a missionary, and which will be instrumental in saving souls. Why not say it often during the day?

BY A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY.

MARYKNOLL ASSOCIATES

EVERY Maryknoll Associate shares in the Masses and prayers of Maryknollers, wherever they may be.

If you are a subscriber to *The Field Afar*, you are—willy nilly—a Maryknoll Associate. This is our gift to you.

Without being a *Field Afar* subscriber, you may enroll yourself or another, living or dead, as a Maryknoll Associate.

It is a small offering—fifty cents yearly—that is expected of a Maryknoll Associate, but the affiliation is with a great movement, and the spiritual advantages are many.

For each Maryknoll Associate, living or dead, a card is made out at the Center, and mailed to the sender of the name. This card will serve as a receipt, and as a reminder of the spiritual advantages.

A Fact

"WHAT are you reading?" asked a priest of a sixteen year old boy, whom he found sitting on a window sill, absorbed in a volume.

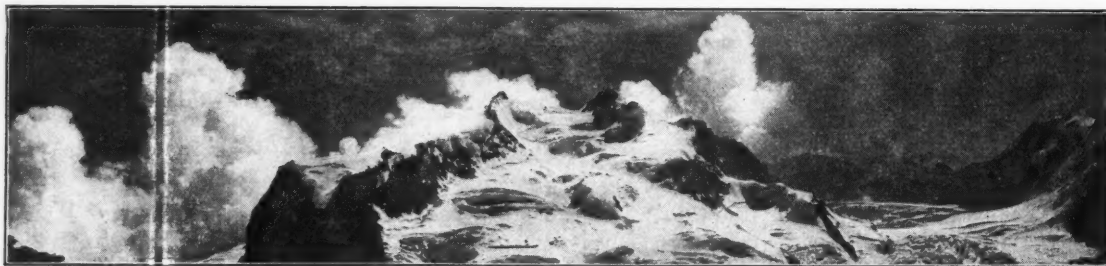
"The finest book I have ever read", replied the youngster, as he passed it over to the priest. It was *A Modern Martyr*, the letters of Théophane Vénard.

The priest admitted that he had never read the book, but he made a mental note of its effect on the boy.

This "boy" today is a missionary in Eastern Asia.

In the Mountains of the East

By Fr. Joseph P. McCormack, M.M., of New York City, actual Superior of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria



RECENTLY I was summoned to the bedside of an old Christian of eighty-six, who was dying among pagans somewhere in the mountains to the east of Fushun. That was all the information I had to guide me, for the pagan relative who brought the message would not come as far as the Mission, but returned home after talking with some Christians in the town. There was evidently no time to be lost, so my catechist and I mounted mules and faced them toward the mountains in the east.

Mountain Trails—

Now every time one asks a stranger in China for information, etiquette demands that the inquirer dismount. If he does not, he is very apt to be sent in the opposite direction to the right one. That afternoon we had to seek information about one hundred times, so I can assure you we were pretty tired of getting in and out of the saddle.

Nobody seemed to know where the man we sought lived, but we kept going east. When it was growing dark, we stumbled on a little cottage deep in the mountains. We dismounted, feeling, of course, that, as usual, we would receive no light; but to our surprise we had not the time to repeat our inquiries, before we were asked if we came from Fushun, and if we were seeking old man Lu. We assured them we had, and were. "Well", they said, "turn up this gorge to the north for about half a

mile, and there you will find him."

We followed a path on the edge of the gorge. As the trail was very narrow, the gorge deep, and the mules were exhausted, I dismounted and urged my catechist to do likewise, lest the pair of us land in the bottom of the pit, leaving no one to anoint James Lu.

The Charity of Pagans—

We found the cabin of James at last—and, lo and behold, what were all the carpenters doing in the dusk of the evening? We counted six of them, each surrounded by several spectators. They were sawing and hammering to finish the old man's monstrous coffin, so that he could see it before he passed away. In China it is a sign of respect to buy the coffin for the dying before their souls have departed from this earth.

We discovered James on his stone bed, in a room so small that his head was almost sticking out of the window.

He was conscious, and able to speak to us. We soon learned that he was supported by a pagan grandnephew, and that everyone for miles around were pagans. This nephew was desperately poor. Besides his old uncle, he had a wife and two children, with only a little scrap of mountain land for their support. Yet, he was as good to his Christian uncle as any son could be. James Lu once had a son of his own, who went away as a soldier forty years ago, and has never been heard from since.

Oriental Curiosity—

James's cabin had two rooms, each of which was twenty feet by ten. One room had a single stone bed, the other two. James used the single bed, and his nephew and family also lived in his room. The other room was occupied by two entire families. Where were we to stay for the night? Of course, I had not carried the Blessed Sacrament on such a trip, so, where was I to say Mass, and how could I say Mass and hear the man's confession, with all these pagans around? They were people who had never seen a white man before, and who had no knowledge of what our Religion meant.

Sleep was out of the question, but we asked the nephew if we might have the use of the room where the sick man was. He consented, and chased all the others out rather abruptly, for he expected a tip from me for good service. When I had the room to myself, I prepared to hear the old man's confession and to anoint him. It did not take long, but I could hear my catechist outside, exhorting the bystanders to be patient and telling them that there was

FOR THE CHRIST CHILD

THE slogan, *Do your Christmas planning early*, has become increasingly widespread during recent years, and so, though Christmas is still weeks ahead, we urge you to include on your Christmas list the Divine Founder of the Feast, the Infant Savior.

Maryknoll is sending to you a request for a gift to the Christ Child in the person of the poorest of mankind, pagans who have never heard of their Little Savior. Your Christmas will be blessed indeed if you are generous to your Lord.

WE EMPLOY NO PROFESSIONAL AGENTS.

nothing strange going on, that the priest was just speaking a few words of consolation to the old man. When they failed to get by the catechist at the door, they went to the window, and broke holes through the paper panes, so that they could peep in at me.

By that time, however, I had nearly finished my ministrations. I put my things away as quickly as possible, and shouted, "Open the door". You should have seen them look the old man over for marks of my treatment. He just informed them in Chinese slang that they were a lot of "dumb-bells", and that, if they were anything else, they would now believe in the True God, of Whom he had so often told them.

One Whom They Knew Not—

My audience seemed to have made up their minds that I would not perform my next ceremony without their being present. They stayed on, watching me closely, for hours, but, towards midnight, I could see that they were getting tired. One by one they went to the adjoining room, between which and mine there was a door space, but no door. I waited until they were at least dozing.

As it was by that time one o'clock in the morning, I opened my Mass kit, prepared a place for the Holy Sacrifice beside the sick man on the stone bed, and as hastily and secretly as possible said Mass, and gave James his Viaticum.

Just as I was finishing, one of the party in the next room woke up, and, of course, it took less than five minutes for all of them to be staring at me again. But this no longer troubled me, for James had received the Body and Blood of the Savior Whom they knew not.

The Missioner's Reward—

It was lucky that we had taken along a few sandwiches, for there was nothing to offer us in the home of James. The natives of the mountains in this country live on plain corn. We ate our sandwiches, fed the mules, and at four o'clock started out on our return journey in a cold rain.

We covered the twenty-five miles in four hours. We were drenched and tired, but nevertheless happy—happy in

the thought that we had been able to do something for the Lord, and that this poor Christian, who had been for years without the priest, and at the mercy of pagans, had been given an opportunity of receiving the Last Sacraments.

The poor old man had suggested to his nephew that he be placed in his coffin and carried to the church for Extreme Unction. He thought it would be too much to ask the priest out to his cabin. Little he knew how consoling it is to us to be of help to such as he.

Three days after our journey to the cabin in the mountains of the east, the soul of James Lu passed forever out of the pagan darkness by which it had been so long surrounded.

An Old Friend

SO long ago as 1906, while the present Superior General of Maryknoll was Diocesan Director in Boston for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, he made the acquaintance, by correspondence, of a young American Franciscan in China.

Fr. Walsh had been scanning the horizons of the mission world, yearning for the sight of a fellow-countryman. He had found one

or two, and each seemed like a treasure-trove.

The Franciscan was one of a few who had gone to China from the Middle-West.

Ten years later, as Superior of the first American Foreign Mission Society, Fr. Walsh went through China in search of a field for his priests. Among other missions, he visited those of the Franciscans at Hankow, and, just across the Yangtze River in Wuchang, he found the friend with whom he had corresponded.

The missioner was taller than he had pictured him, and the young face of earlier days was bearded. Energy and zeal were his marked characteristics, and Fr. Walsh carried away with him an impression that Americans could "make good" in China.

At Cincinnati, on September seventeenth of this year, the Franciscan missioner was consecrated Bishop of Wuchang, and to him, the Rt. Rev. Sylvester Espelage, Maryknoll now extends congratulations. Every good wish, and the assurance of prayers that God may bless him with many and fruitful years in the episcopate!



FR. MCCORMACK RETURNS FROM A SICK CALL, TIRED, BUT HAPPY IN THE THOUGHT OF SERVICE TO GOD

OUR FRIENDS ARE OUR BEST AGENTS.



Say "Merry Christmas" to your friends with
GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
THE FIELD AFAR

THE year will bring to them eleven distinct reminders of your thoughtfulness, and, at the same time, you will strengthen the mission cause by interesting others in it.

One Gift Subscription for a year may be had for a dollar, six of these Subscriptions will cost only five dollars.

An attractive Christmas card, bearing your name, will be sent to each of those for whom you subscribe.

Print the names of your friends below, detach this slip from the magazine, enclose correct amount, and mail to: The Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y. We will do the rest.

Name	Street	City and State
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

Your Name:

Address:

Amount enclosed ()

FAVORS RECEIVED

PLEASE publish my thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a big favor.

THE FIELD AFAR is a fine magazine, I would not like to be without it.—*Baltimore, Md.*

If possible, please have a Holy Mass said in thanksgiving to God, for having preserved my fourteen year old son

from injury in an automobile accident. Two youths were killed and four others seriously hurt in the accident.—*Mobile, Ala.*

Over a year ago, I bought a car. As I was rather nervous about riding in it, I promised a small offering each time we went out, if God would keep us from harm.

Thanks to God and His Blessed

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS.

Mother, we have never had the slightest trouble, and the small offerings have now mounted up to ten dollars. I am forwarding them to Maryknoll, to help send one of your missionaries to China.—*Long Island, N. Y.*

Interest That Counts

A MODERN MARTYR is a most interesting and edifying work, and I derived an inspiration from the reading of it.—*Rev. Friend, Notre Dame, Ind.*

Thoughts from Modern Martyrs gave me the inspiration for services at our Cathedral.—*Rev. Friend, Nebr.*

Enclosed find the payment of another year's subscription to THE FIELD AFAR, the indispensable mission magazine which wards off indifference and stirs up priestly zeal.—*Rev. Friend, Mass.*

Reading your little paper gives me occasion to pass happy and edifying moments in the company of the Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters in your houses and mission fields.—*Ohio.*

I am a shut-in, unable to work. I always get a little sum of money at Christmas, and I depend on it to pay my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR, before all else. I would like to do much to help your work, but I can only pray.—*N. Y.*

I am a home missionary, struggling hard to save the faith of poor miners. Your magazine is an inspiration and a comfort to me, and I would not miss one number. I regret that you do not send it weekly.—*Rev. Friend, Ill.*

My husband, who is not a Catholic, reads THE FIELD AFAR from cover to cover, and enjoys it thoroughly. He is a graduate of Yale University, and appreciates good English.

We miss Msgr. Byrne's cheerful writings from Korea, and we take a personal interest in all our fine young missionaries. Last year, we stopped in at Mission San Juan Bautista, and talked to Bro. Louis for a while. Now we enjoy the very artistic photographs of the Mission that you have printed.—*Calif.*

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE

JIM'S TRAVELOGUE

Tuesday

Dear Dad:

It's ages since I wrote you about Departure Day at Maryknoll but it all came back to mind during the last few days. We've seen almost everything in Paris. Today we went to the Séminaire des Missions Etrangères, (that is, the Seminary for Foreign Missions) where Théophane Vénard studied to be a mission priest, and in the chapel we saw a tablet with an inscription to his memory. He is buried in the crypt.

It was in this very chapel that the Departure Ceremony was held when Théophane went out to Annam. There is a picture that shows the five missionaries standing in front of the altar, just as they do at Maryknoll, while their friends and relatives filed past to say good-bye. Maryknoll uses the same Departure Hymn, too.

Uncle Jim said that Théophane certainly carried out the advice of his bishop, "Do not be an Apostle by halves, my dear child." He said one thing he liked about him was that he was "so human in his affections for his family." Once he wrote home, "I assure you my thoughts travel back to St. Loup very, very often, and the tears come to my eyes when I think of you all and our happy home, and all the joys of my childhood and youth." I said, "Let's go down to St. Loup, where he lived," and that suits Uncle Jim tiptop so we are going tomorrow.

Wednesday.

Well, we're back. We couldn't go directly to St. Loup by train so Uncle Jim hired a car for the day and we drove down. It is in the direction of Bordeaux, five hours by train.

St. Loup is on the Thouet River, which Théophane called, "Our Thouet—sweet and clear." The house is near the village church and is of plaster with timber running across below the second and



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Martyred on February 2, 1861

Thou, happy martyr, in the hour of death

Didst taste the deep delight of suffering;

Thou didst declare, e'en with thy dying breath

That it is sweet to suffer for the King.

—From the Little Flower's hymn to Blessed Théophane Vénard.

third stories, and solid wooden shutters. Over the only window on the second floor (the old French villagers didn't run to fresh air) is a tablet that reads:

HERE WAS BORN

JEAN T. VENARD

Nov. 21, 1829

Martyred in Tongking, Feb. 2, 1861

We went out and saw the garden where Théophane played as a child with Mélanie.

Even Uncle Jim, who has seen so much, thought it was great to stand in the very room where

Théophane and Mélanie had talked all through the night before his leaving, and where the family had spent that last evening and he said good-bye to them all.

Got to go down to dinner now. Will finish this when we come up.

Thursday.

I was too sleepy to finish this last night. Here it is evening again. From St. Loup we drove out to Bel-Air. The weather was perfect, jolly good and cool. Uncle said it was "a typical French country side," and it is pretty country, Dad. We got out of the car and cut across a field to the spot where Théophane was reading the life of Ven. Charles Cornay, when he said, "I too will go to Tongking and I too will be a martyr." It is the field Théophane wanted his father to sell and give him the money for college, as his share.

The trip took a whole day but it was worth it. We are back in Paris tonight and will start for Rome tomorrow, making several stops on the way.

Love to Mother. Thanks for the check. As ever,

Your son,

Jim.

F—is for FAITH that the Missioners preach.

A—is for ASIA, the land where they teach.

T—is for TRIALS they gladly will bear.

H—is for HARDSHIPS they meet over there.

E—is for EARNESTNESS put in each deed;

R—is REWARD for their sowing the Seed.

C—is for CHILDREN, their Juniors who give

H—which is HELP that the pagans may live.

I—is for INTEREST each Junior can show;

N—for His NAME which all pagans should know.

A VENARD SHED HIS BLOOD

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE

DEAR JUNIORS:

This is a mission month. The 21st is the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, and on this same beautiful feast-day in the year 1829, Theophane Venard was born in a little town in France. And you remember, don't you, Juniors, that he was martyred in Tongking, Annam, on the feast of that other Presentation, of the Infant Jesus, in the same Temple?

He was only nine years old when he said, "I too will be a martyr." With him for an example and a big brother, you can make it your intention to do all you can with this thought, "I am going to do this for souls!"

Yours for more Theophanes,

Father Chin

GOOD MISSIONERS, AHOY!

Father Chin has had some beautiful little buttons made, with a fine picture of Blessed Théophane Vénard on them, because he just knew that every Junior would like to have one to wear on the 21st of this month. Of course, a good Junior wants the world to know he is a good Junior, and a good missionary; and here's a splendid way to show it.

If you are ordering just a few, the buttons are 5¢ each, but 100 are only \$3.00, that is, 3 cents apiece. Be sure to get your order in early, so we can get the buttons to you in time for the 21st.

Another thought for the 21st—why not attend Mass and receive Holy Communion? Will you offer them for Maryknoll Missioners and our new seminarians?



TRIUMPHANT MARYKNOLL JUNIORS
at St. Aemilian's School, St. Francis, Wis., with their coveted statue of Blessed Théophane Vénard. Can you pick the future missioners?

A XAVIER SPENT HIS LIFE

HONOR ROLL

Carmelita Silva
Rita Gruener
Anna Johnston
Virginia Pollock
Ruth Kinsella
Wm. J. A. McKee
Wandita Quintero



WHERE'S THAT KODAK?

That photograph in the Midsummer corner of THE FIELD AFAR, that showed a schoolroom corner decorated with the Maryknoll Banner, was certainly a jimdandy. And it gave us an idea. Why not have a Corner Competition?

Dress up your corner with your Maryknoll mission material, posters, activity blanks, and, yes indeed, the Banner if you were awarded one; anything else that is suitable; and then take a photograph of the corner and send it in to Father Chin, by January 1st.

The corner chosen ought to be well-lighted, so that even the smallest camera will take a good picture. Of course, if your lightest spot is on a straight wall, Father Chin will like that just as well.

It doesn't matter who takes the picture, and the size of the photograph doesn't matter, so long as it is clear-cut; we want to show the three prize-winning pictures in THE FIELD AFAR and so they must be clear.

Watch the December issue!

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE

APOSTOLIC MISSION BANK

Maryknoll Junior Branch



In account with

Depositor

School

Address

Pass books will be balanced by Father Chin when deposits are completed.

Interest credited quarterly; compound interest eternally.

Offerings deposited will be credited to the salvation of souls.

THE JUNIOR BANK BOOK

Johnny Junior will send bank books at 5¢ each; 25 for \$1

A MISSION THANKSGIVING DINNER

Here is a Thanksgiving dinner which came out of the geography.

The table, which was made of (island of Malaysia 10° S 120° E) was set with beautiful (country of Asia).

After the soup, the most important dish was the (country of Europe), though some preferred the (city of Alsace) goose, and one of the guests said he always liked (country of West Africa) fowl. Another said he'd just take a (islands in the Pacific Ocean). The (islands of West Indies) were seasoned with plenty of (city of French Guiana).

There was a disturbance in the kitchen. The (island of the Pacific on equator belonging to U. S.) complained because he said the (island of Great

Britain 20° S 160° W in Pacific) used so much (city of Germany) on his hankie.

Some of the guests drank (island of East Indies) and some took (island south of India) or (island southwest of Japan). And afterwards they had (country of South America) nuts and (city of Spain) grapes, and candied (town in New Jersey) (village of Isle of Man).

Everybody was very (islands south of Samoa) and enjoyed everyone's else (islands east of Samoa).

THE BANNER SCHOOL

My! The map of these United States is beginning to be dotted with little red banners, isn't it? *The Academy of the Holy Names, Albany, N. Y.*, gets it now. They are such good Chinsters. They use Maryknoll plays and books and now here is an order for 64 copies of one issue of *THE FIELD AFAR!*


MISSION TOPSY-TURVIES

My, they must have been topsy-turvy, with a vengeance, so many had a hard time with "nraoms"; and so many thought it was "romans", but it was a real Maryknoll Missions word, "ransom". These were the prize winners: First Prize, *Carolina Berschens, Lake Elmo, Minnesota*; Second Prize, *Mayme Barna, Wheeling, West Virginia*; Third Prize, *Angela Mackert, Norwalk, Ohio*.


PICTURE TITLE CONTEST

That picture made the Juniors think, didn't it? Just one Junior had his nationality right—Korean. *Virginia May Pollock of Los Angeles, California*, sent in the best title, "The Fruits of the Missions". Father Chin thinks Virginia must have thought a long time to get that splendid title.

Watch the December issue!





THE MISSIONER'S MOTHER GOOSE.



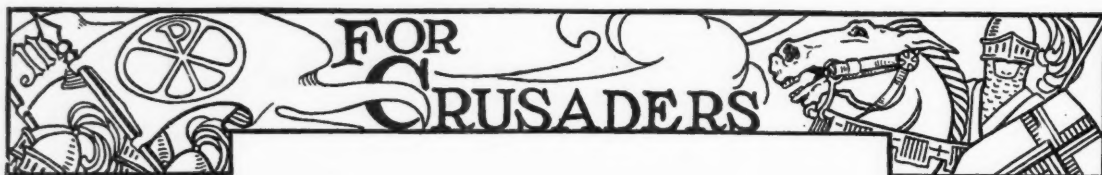
**Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Reading The Field Afar.**

He opened his eyes
In joyous surprise
And said,
"What a book it are!"



WILL YOU NEGLECT TO HELP?



What do you see when you hear the word "Crusader"? Most of us see a knight in all the panoply of war, setting forth to wrest the Holy City from infidel hands. Is there something more to see? Yes! Let's look at the word "Crusader".

It comes from a 16th Century French word, *croisade*, and a Spanish word, "*crusada*", and these again from the mediaeval Latin, *cruciata*, past participle of *cruciare*, to mark with a cross. Aha! Here we have it! The Crusader, then, was a man marked with a cross. He might be stripped of his armor, robbed of his sword and lance, naked and left for dead; nevertheless, wounded, unarmed and helpless though he be, he was still "marked with a cross". He had marked his eternal soul with a vow to fight for his Heavenly King, if necessary to the death; to stand before the world marked with the Cross.

And we? We, too, should be marked with the Cross; we do not, to be sure, wear a sheet-metal coat and plus-fours, nor a steel frock and bonnet, neither do we point our remarks to heathen or neighbor with a battle-axe; but just as indelible as the cross on the shield of St. Louis is the invisible mark we should wear. Remember what St. Paul said? "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

So, full as proudly as the Crusader bore the Cross on shield and pennant, let us take care that all our words and works show that we bear the mark of the Cross.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE

A Mission Drama
Musical Setting Optional

The life of Théophane Vénard presented in three Acts. Here are portrayed gayety, simplicity and tender pathos, moving quickly toward a tragic climax.

Price, 25¢

THE ORIENT AT YOUR DOOR

Have you ever watched students when someone comes in to "talk" to them? They settle back at ease, their faces saying clearly, "This is going to be good."

The talks that our missionaries give are "good". They are alive, dramatic; stories of things that happened within the year, that are happening today; full of color, vivid with life; strange customs, strange ways of thinking and living, painted with the Oriental background for the canvas and the missionary's faith and love, for the brush; self-sacrifice, heroism, undying devotion to Christ and His Church—told to you by a priest who has lived among these things, and *lived* them, who can say, "I speak whereof I do know; and testify whereof I have seen."

Write to The Crusade Editor, THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll, N. Y., that your class would like to hear a Maryknoll Missioner. We will be glad to arrange for some missionary who plans to be in your vicinity to drop in. He has a message for you. You as Catholics have sent the missionaries. You will want to know the story of their accomplishment.

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND

A missionary—is he a priest who says to himself, "Oh, well, I just guess I'll go out to China and see what I can do about preaching Christ to the pagans?" No, no. A missionary is one who is sent—*mittere*, to send.

Who sent him? We did, you and I. We said to him, "If you will go out there and risk your personal safety, and consecrate your life to this work of preaching the Faith to those in the darkness of paganism—if you will turn your back on secure, comfortable posts at home, and take your life in your hands, we will see to it

that you have all the support and encouragement necessary for carrying out this task we think ought to be done."

Thousands of miles away from all they hold dear in this world—at a mission post where they seldom see a white face—without what to you are the necessities of daily living—sometimes without the Blessed Sacrament for their comfort—would they like to get letters from you? *Would they?* Ask them. Write one and see! Not next week—nor tomorrow—but today, write to The Crusade Editor, THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll, N. Y., and we will send you the name of a missionary, if possible one from your diocese. Tell him the sort of thing that *you*, if *you* were a mission priest so far from home, would want to hear. Let him know that he can count on your backing, spiritual or material. Won't you do it—today?

FOR THE CHINA MAIL

The Tropic of Cancer—Kwangtung—the South China Sea—aren't they saturate with the tang of the salt air and redolent with spices and the romance of buccannering days happily gone by? For Crusaders, they have a new romance—"our missionary annals, the only real romance in all the world." In Yeungkong, a short hundred miles south of the Tropic of Cancer, inland from the South China Sea, is a Maryknoll Missioner, a "stranger in a strange land," who is "carrying on" for Christ. He would rejoice to have letters from Crusaders who would care to write to him. His address is:

Rev. Philip Taggart, M.M.
Catholic Missions, Yeungkong
Kwangtung, China

Find me anything, if you can, to be compared to the consolation of being permitted to do something definite for our Lord!

—Henry Dorie

RIDE, RIDE FOR THE FAITH!

Circles

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address:

Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

HARD times and business depression do not prevent our Circle friends from giving us a helping hand in furthering the great cause. May they experience, even while here on earth, the hundredfold reward promised by Our Lord to His apostles.

The members of *St. Leo Circle*, of Dorchester, Mass., have been constantly faithful in their offerings for the training of future Maryknoll missionaries. In years to come, they will reap many spiritual benefits from the labors of these young priests in fields afar.

If any Circle desires to meet the expense, for one year, of training a young apostle, the gift of two hundred and fifty dollars will meet this purpose, and the student selected will gladly remember the spiritual needs of his benefactors.

The *St. Blaise Circle*, of Oakland, Calif., and the *Chi Rho Circle*, of Des Moines, Iowa, are supporting native catechists in Maryknoll mission fields of South China. This is a form of help especially appreciated by all our missionaries.

The monthly wage of a native catechist in the Maryknoll Missions of China is fifteen dollars. In Korea, where living expenses are higher, a minimum of twenty dollars is required.

Some of our Circle friends have caught the idea of ransoming outcast Chinese babies from paganism. The *Maryknoll Club*, of Hamilton, Ohio, and the *Chi Rho Circle* of Minneapolis, Minn., for example, have families of Chinese babies. May many more come to the aid of these poor little waifs!

To secure the adoption of a Chinese baby, thereby rescuing it from paganism, calls for only five dollars.

Now that Circle meetings have begun again, many Circle friends have asked, "How can we help?"

Sew, sew, sew! The missions are badly in need of household and altar linens, and your assistance would mean much to us.



A CIRCLE WHERE THREE IS NOT "A CROWD"

The generosity of Circle friends has enabled Maryknoll to provide its "family" of over eight hundred with household supplies.

We do not know the name of the Chinese lad who appears on this page, flanked by two canine friends, but we have learned that he is an orphan, supported by our Fushun missionaries in Manchuria.

Fr. McCormack writes of him: *The story of this boy's family is too sad and terrible to relate. He is now baptized. His people were pagans.*

Perhaps some Circle would be interested in helping our Fushun missionaries to make this boy forget the sufferings of his early years.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES

WE have received many appeals from the missions for baby clothing and blankets, also for picture-books, flags, colored crepe paper, and cardboard.

Toys are much in demand, and we admire the fortitude of our missionaries as we note the following: "Things which make a noise, such as horns, pipes, and so forth, are preferred."

A generous donation for our Sisters' Mother-House was received recently from the *Vénard Auxiliary*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Patrick Circle, of Waterville, Me., is providing the support of a Maryknoll Sister, as is also the *Little Gemma Circle*, of Oakland, Calif.

For the further development of the Maryknoll Sisterhood, a permanent Mother-House is a vital necessity. Maryknoll is especially grateful at this time to those of our Circle friends who are mindful of this urgent need.

Mission Patrons

KEEP Sancier Island, where St. Francis Xavier died, in your prayers. It has been a desolate mission field and, from a human point of view, discouraging, but the perseverance of its spiritual guides is beginning to tell. Two small schools are functioning successfully there, and, through the little ones, gratifying results will come.

A Maryknoll missionary in South China writes as follows of Blessed Théophane Vénard, martyr for Christ in Tongking:

Each time I pick up a fresh issue of *THE FIELD AFAR*, I feel impelled to do something to help spread devotion to Théophane. Surely many of us owe our apostolic vocations to his intercession, and we ought to express our gratitude. I have noted an increase of interest in this Maryknoll patron and exemplar on the Junior pages of our magazine, and this, I am sure, is bound to bear fruit.

I am enclosing ten dollars, as an addition to the Burse in Théophane's honor. Perhaps this may be an incentive to others. Certainly, this burse ought not to lag behind, and all Juniors, and their elders as well, who have learned to know and to love Blessed Théophane, should be vitally interested in this means of sending other Théophanes to the whitened mission fields. *Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest.*

INTEREST A NEW FRIEND IN THE FIELD AFAR.

Thanksgiving



Johnny Lee will appreciate this Thanksgiving dinner better when it has been cooked

THANKSGIVING, gratitude to God for His everlasting love and mercy, always characterize a truly Christian soul. We of Maryknoll have countless reminders of our duty of returning thanks, and not the least among them is our daily mail.

Practically every letter contains its own story of sacrifices made for Christ and souls, and—reading between the lines—there is frequent evidence that our benefactors “give till it hurts”.

How, then, could we fail to return thanks to the Master Who has touched the hearts of so many American Catholics with the fire of the apostolate? And not the smallest reason for our gratitude is the thought of the reward which God—Who can never be outdone in generosity—reserves for these friends of our work.

Notable additions to Maryknoll Burses were received last month from North Attleboro, Mass., and Los Angeles, Calif.

Homeland needs were generously remembered by benefactors in Albion, N. Y., and Boston, Mass., who cheered our Treasurer with offerings for Student Aid and a Classroom in the Major Seminary.

Gifts of the variety known as “Stringless” are always doubly gratifying where a work such as ours is concerned, and two such—one from East Weymouth, Mass., and one from New York City—received last month a royal welcome to our hilltop.

The advantages of the Maryknoll Annuity Plan appealed to a benefactor in Cedar Valley, Iowa.

The holder of a Maryknoll Annuity receives higher interest than that given by a savings bank, and has also the great satisfaction of knowing that,

when he passes on, his earnings will be winning souls.

Our mission fields were remembered by apostolic hearts in Fall River, Mass.; Loretto, Pa.; Atlantic City, N. J.; and San Francisco.

An offering from friends in Boston, Mass., for a year's support of one of our missionaries gave proof that these benefactors have appreciated a very vital need, one which we cannot stress too strongly.

We find, after twelve years on the mission field, that each of our priests and Brothers must receive yearly from the homeland a minimum of three hundred and sixty-five dollars, if we would keep these young apostles alive and active.

Maryknoll has no special fund on which to draw for the support of its missionaries—now numbering over one hundred—but we are confident that, when they become aware of the opportunity, many American Catholics will welcome the privilege of sponsoring one of their own missionaries in fields afar.

Last month, ten wills matured in our favor, and we received notification of a remembrance in three others.

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS

Living: Reverend Friends, 2; A. W. P.; J. B. McC.; M. J. O'H.; T. A. S. and Relatives; P. H. G. and Relatives; C. W. and Relatives; M. K. and Relatives; J. J. B.; A. L.; S. K. L.;

H. M. H.; I. A. B.; G. F. E. and Relatives; J. R. L. and Relatives; M. M. and Relatives; K. C. and Relatives; M. P. and Relatives; N. G. and Relatives; M. H.; P. J. H.; J. J. N., Sr.; C. B.; C. G.; C. B. and Relatives; J. and C. M.

Deceased: Reverend Friend, 1; Patrick J. Prendergast; Bridget A. Costello and Relatives; Anna Van Nostrand; Margaret M. Griffin; Elizabeth Griffin; Charles H. Niederberger; Annie T. Niederberger; Robert J. Fretz.

A Dream Letter

FR. MEYER, the husky Maryknoller who, after more than ten years in China, is still fighting the good fight and keeping the Faith, had a dream sometime ago. He received a letter from a parish priest in the homeland.

This is the *dream letter*, which read as follows:

Dear Father Bernard:

We are going to build a new rectory here, costing fifty thousand dollars; last Sunday I announced that if the people were willing I should like to build two rectories. Of course everyone gasped until I told them of your recent letter, and the needs of the new districts that you are developing in the Wuchow Mission.

The plan I outlined was as follows: I told them that I was willing to send ten per cent of the cost of my rectory to you for that new district—I do not recall its name—and to build a slightly cheaper rectory here. After Mass a group of men called on me in the sacristy. “See here, Father, you go ahead and use that fifty thousand dollars for the rectory here; we'll see to it that the fund goes over the top for five thousand more to send to your friend in China. After the way you put it, we all want to get in on giving him a lift.”

Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r mocked Baby Ben from the missionary's bedside, and he crawled slowly out from under the mosquito net to face again the hard realities of a prosaic world.

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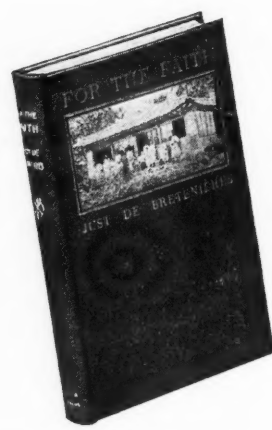
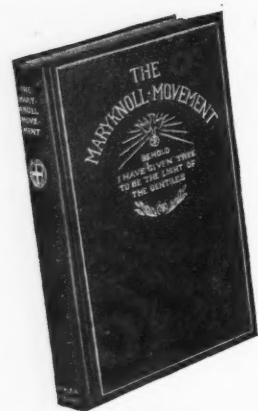
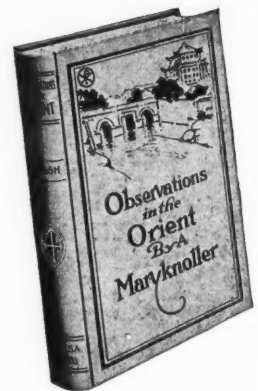
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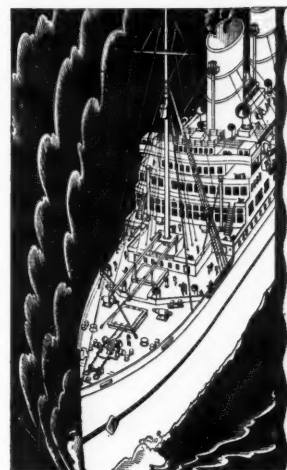
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